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THE
COXCOMB.

A
COMEDY.

Written by

Mr. *FRANCIS BEAUMONT*,

A N D

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER*.



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. T. And Sold by J. Brown at the Black
Swan without Temple-Bar. 1718.

THE

3566

COXCOMB

149,438

May 1873

COMEDY

FRANCIS BENDIS

MR. JOHN FLETCHER

1873

PROLOGUE.

THIS Comedy, long forgot, by some thought dead,
By us preserv'd, once more doth raise her Head,
And to your noble Censures does present
Her outward Form, and inward Ornament.
Nor let this Smell of Arrogance, since 'tis known,
The Makers, that confest it for their own
Were this way skilful, and without the Crime
Of Flatteries I may say may please the Time;
The Work it self too, when it first came forth,
In the Opinion of Men of Worth,
Was well receiv'd and favour'd, though some rude
And harsh among th' ignorant Multitude,
(That relish gross Food, better than a Dish
That's cook'd with Care, and serv'd into the Wits,
Of curious Pallats) wanting Wit and Strength,
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the Length;
That Fault's reform'd, and now 'tis to be try'd
Before such Judges 'twill not be deny'd
A free and noble hearing; nor fear I,
But 'twill deserve to have free Liberty,
And give you Cause (and with Content) to say,
Their Care was good, that did revive this Play.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Ricardo, *a young Gentleman, in love with Viola.*

Antonio, *the Coxcomb Gentleman.*

Mercury, *Fellow-Traveller with Antonio.*

Uberto,

Pedro,

Silvio,

} *Three merry Gentlemen, Friends to Ricardo.*

Valerio, *a Country Gentleman.*

Curio, *Kinsman to Antonio.*

Justice, *a shallow one.*

Andrugio, *Father to Viola.*

Alexander, *Servant to Mercury's Mother.*

Mark, *the Justice's Clerk.*

Rowland, *Servant to Andrugio.*

Tinker.

Constable.

Watch.

Drawer.

Musicians.

W O M E N.

Viola, *Daughter to Andrugio.*

Maria, *Wife to Antonio.*

A Country Woman, Mother to Mercury.

Nan and

Madge,

} *Milk-Maids.*

Dorothy, *the Tinker's Trull.*

Scene England, France.

T H E

THE COXCOMB.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Ricardo and Viola.

Ric. **L**ET us make use of this stolen Privacy,
And not lose time in Protestation, Mistress,
For 'twere in me a kind of Breach of Faith,
To say again I love you. *Viol.* Sweet, speak softly,
For tho' the Venture of your Love to me
Meet with a willing, and a full Return:
Should it arrive unto my Father's Knowledge,
This were our last Discourse. *Ric.* How shall he know it?
Viol. His watching Cares are such, for my Advancement,
That every where his Eye is fix'd upon me;
This Night that doth afford us some small Freedom,
At the Request and much Intreaty of
The Mistress of the House, was hardly given me;
For I am never suffer'd to stir out,
But he hath Spies upon me; yet I know not
You have so won upon me, that could I think
You would love faithfully (though to entertain
Another Thought of you, would be my Death)
I should adventure on his utmost Anger.

Ric. Why, do you think I can be false?

Viol. No Faith,

You've an honest Face, but if you should——

Ric. Let all the stor'd Vengeance of Heav'n's Justice——

Viol. No more, I do believe you, the Dance ended,

Which

Which this free Woman's Guests have vow'd to have
E'er they depart, I will make home, and store me
With all the Jewels, Chains, and Gold are trusted
Unto my Custody, and at the next Corner
To my Father's House, before one at the farthest,
Be ready to receive me. *Rich.* I desire
No Bond beyond your Promise, let's go in,
'To talk thus much before the Door, may breed
Suspicion.

Enter Mercury and Antonio talking.

Viol. Here are Company too. *Rich.* Away,
Those Powers that prosper true and honest Loves
Will bless our Undertakings.

Viol. 'Tis my With, Sir.

[*Ex. Ric. and Viol.*]

Mer. Nay, Sir, excuse me, I have drawn you to
Too much Expence already in my Travel;
And you have been too forward in your Love,
To make my Wants your own, allow me Manners
Which you must grant I want, should I increase
The Bond in which your Courtesies have ty'd me,
By still consuming you; give me leave
To take mine own Ways now, and I shall often,
With Willingness, come to visit you, and then thank you.

Ant. By this Hand I could be angry, what do you think me?
Must we that have so long time been as one,
Seen Cities, Countries, Kingdoms, and their Wonders;
Been Bed-fellows, and in our various Journey
Mixt all our Observations, part (as if
We were two Carriers at two several Ways,
And as the Fore-horse guides, cry God be with you)
Without or Compliment, or Ceremony?
In Travellers, that know transalpine Garbs,
Though our Designs are ne'er so serious, Friend,
It were a capital Crime, it must not be;
Nay, what is more, you shall not; you e'er long
Shall see my House, and find what I call mine.
Is wholly at your Service. *Mer.* 'Tis this tires me;
Sir, I were easily woo'd, if nothing else
But my Will lay in the Choice; but 'tis not so,
My Friends and Kindred that have part of me,
And such on whom my chiefest Hopes depend,
Justly expect the tender of my Love
After my Travel; then mine own Honesty
Tells me 'tis poor, having indifferent Means
To keep me in my Quality and Rank,
At my Return, to tire another's Bounty,
And let mine own grow lusty; pardon me.

Ant. I will not, cannot, to conclude, I dare not:
Can any thing conferr'd upon my Friend
Be burthenfome to me? For this Excuse.
Had I no reason else, you should not leave me,
By a Traveller's Faith you should not, I have said,
And then you know my Humour, there's no contending;

Mer. Is there no way to 'scape this Inundation?
I shall be drown'd with Folly if I go:
And after nine Days, Men may take me up,
With my Gall broken. *Ant.* Are you yet resolv'd?

Mer. Wou'd you wou'd spare me. *Ant.* By this Light I cannot,
By all that may be sworn by. *Mer.* Patience help me,
And Heav'n grant his Folly be not catching,
If it be, the Town's undone; I now would give
A reasonable Sum of Gold to any Sheriff,
That would but lay an Execution on me,
And free me from his Company; while he was abroad,
His want of Wit and Language kept him dumb?
But Balaam's Ass will speak now, without spurring.

Ant. Speak, have I won you——

Enter Servant and Musician.

Mer. You are not to be resisted.

Ser. Be ready I intreat you; the Dance done,
Besides a liberal Reward, I have
A Bottle of Sherry in my Power, shall beget
New Crotchets in your Heads.

Musi. Tush, fear not us, we'll do our Parts.

Ser. Go in. *Ant.* I know this Fellow.
Belong you to the House? *Ser.* I serve the Mistress.

Ant. Pretty and short; pray you, Sir, then inform her,
Two Gentlemen are covetous to be honour'd
With her fair Prefence. *Ser.* She shall know so much,
This is a merry Night with us, and forbid not
Welcome to any that looks like a Man:
I'll guide you the way.

Ant. Nay, follow, I have a Trick in't.

Enter Uberto, Silvio, Ricardo, Maria, Pedro, Portia, Viola,
with others. *[Exit.]*

Uber. Come, where's this Masque? fairest, for our Chear,
Our Thanks and Service, may you long survive,
To joy in many of these Nights. *Mar.* I thank you.

Uber. We must have Musick too, or else you give us
But half a Welcome. *Mar.* Pray you, Sir, excuse me.

Sil. By no Means, Lady.

Uber. We'll crown our Liberal Feast,
With some delightful Strain fitting your Love
And this good Company. *Mar.* Since you enforce it,

I will not plead the Excuse of want of Skill,
Or be, or nice, or curious; every Year
I celebrate my Marriage Night, and will
'Till I see my absent Husband. *Uber.* 'Tis fit Freedom.

Sil. Ricardo, thou art dull——

Enter Servant.

Ric. I shall be lighter,
When I have had a Heat. *Mar.* Now Sir, the News?
Ser. Mistress, there are two Gentlemen. *Mar.* Where?

Ser. Complimenting who should first enter.

Mar. What are they?

Ser. Heav'n knows, but for their strangeness, have you never
seen a Cat wash her Face?

Uber. Yes.

Ser. Just such a stir they keep, if you make but haste,
You may see 'em yet before they enter.

Enter Antonio and Mercury.

Mer. Let 'em be what they will, I'll keep them fair
Entertain, and gentle welcome.

Ant. It shall be so. *Mer.* Then let it be your Pleasure.

Ant. Let's stand aside, and you shall see us have
Fine sport anon.

Mer. A fair Society, do you know these Gentlewomen?

Ant. Yes. *Mer.* What are they?

Ant. The second is a Neighbour's Daughter, her Name is *Viola*.
There is my Kinsman's Wife, *Portia* her Name, and a Friend too.

Mer. Let her——What's she that leads the Dance?

1 *Ser.* A Gentlewoman. *Mer.* I see that.

1 *Ser.* Indeed? *Mer.* What?

1 *Ser.* A Gentlewoman.

Mer. Udsfoot, good Sir, what's she that leads the Dance?

2 *Ser.* My Mistress, Sir. *Mer.* What else?

2 *Ser.* My Mistress, Sir.

Mer. Your Mistress? A Pox on you,
What a fry of Fools are here? I see 'tis Treason to understand in
this House: If Nature were not better to them, than they can be
to themselves, they would scant hit their Mouths: My Mistress?
Is there any one with so much Wit in's Head, that can tell me at
first sight, what Gentlewoman that is that leads the Dance?

Ant. 'Tis my Wife. *Mer.* Hum.

Ant. How dost thou like her?

Mer. Well, a pretty Gentlewoman.

Ant. Prethee be quiet. *Mer.* I would I could:

Let never any hereafter that's a Man,
That has Affections in him and free Passions,
Receive the least tie from such a Fool as this is,

That

That holds so sweet a Wife, 'tis lamentable to consider truly
 What Right he robs himself of, and what Wrong
 He doth the Youth of such a Gentlewoman;
 That knows her Beauty is no longer hers,
 Than Men will please to make it so, and use it,
 Neither of which lies freely in a Husband:

Oh what have I done, what have I done, Coxcomb?
 If I had never seen, or never tasted

The goodness of this Kix, I had been a made Man,
 But now to make a Cuckold is a Sin

Against all forgiveness, worse than a Murther;

I have a Wolf by the Ears, and am bitten both ways.

Ant. How now Friend, what are you thinking of?

Mer. Nothing concerning you, I must be gone.

Ant. Pardon me, I'll have no going, Sir.

Mer. Then good Sir, give me leave to go to Bed,

I am very weary, and ill-temper'd.

Ant. You shall presently, the Dance is done.

1 Ser. Mistress, these are the Gentlemen.

Mar. My Husband's welcome home, dear Sir.

Mer. She's fair still, oh that I were a Knave, or durst be one,
 For thy sake, Coxcomb; he that invented Honesty, undid me.

Ant. I thought you had not known me, you're merry, 'tis well
 thought,

And how is't with these worthy Gentlemen?

Uber. and Sil. We are glad to see you here again.

Ant. Oh Gent, what ha' you lost? But get you into Travels,
 There you may learn, I cannot say what hidden Virtues.

Mer. Hidden from you I am sure,
 My Blood boils like a Furnace,
 She's a fair one.

Ant. Pray entertain this Gentleman with all the Courtesie,
 Fitting my most especial Friend.

Mar. What this poor House may yield,
 To make you welcome, dear Sir, command

Without more Compliment. *Mer.* I thank you:
 She's wise, and speaks well too, oh what a Blessing
 Is gone by me, ne'er to be recovered?

Well, 'twas an old shame the Devil laid up for me, and now has
 hit me home; if there be any ways to be dishonest, and save my self
 yet,——No, it must not be, why should I be a Fool too——
 Yet those Eyes would tempt another *Adam*; how they call to me,
 and tell me——S'foot, they shall not tell me any thing. Sir, will
 you walk in?

Ant. How is't, Signior? *Mer.* Crazie a little.

Mar. What ail you, Sir?

What's in my Power, pray make use of, Sir.

Mer. 'Tis that must do me good; she does not mock me sure?
And't please you nothing, my Disease is only weariness. (long.

Uber. Come Gentlemen, we'll not keep you from your Beds too

Ric. I ha' some business, and 'tis late, and you far from your Lodging. *Sil.* Well. [Exe. *Manent* *Ant.* *Mar.* and *Mer.*

Ant. Come my dear *Mercury*, I'll bring you to your Chamber, and then I am for you *Maria*, thou art a new Wife to me now, and thou shalt find it e'er I sleep.

Mer. And I an old Ass to my self, mine own Rod whips me,—
Good Sir, no more of this, 'tis tedious, you are the best Guide in your own House——go Sir —— [Exe. *Ant.* and *Mar.*

This Fool and his fair Wife have made me frantick;
From two such Physicks for the Soul, deliver me. [Exit.

Enter *Ricardo*, *Uberto*, *Pedro*, and *Silvio*.

Uber. Well you must have this Wench then.

Ric. I hope so, I am much o'th' Bow-hand else.

Ped. Wou'd I were hang'd, 'tis a good loving little Fool, that dare's venture her self upon a Coast she never knew yet; but these Women, when they are once thirteen,
God speed the Plough.

Sil. Faith they'll venture further for their Lading, than a Merchant, and through as many Storms, but they'll be fraughted, they are made like Carracks, only Strength and Storage.

Ric. Come, come, you talk, you talk.

Sil. We do so, but tell me *Ricardo*, wo't thou marry her?

Ric. Marry her? Why, what should I do with her?

Ped. Pox, I thought we should all have shares in her, like lawful Prize.

Ric. No by my Faith, Sir, you shall pardon me, I Launch'd her at my own Charge, without Partners, and so I'll keep her.

Uber. What's the Hour? *Ric.* Twelve.

Uber. What shall we do the while? 'Tis yet scarce eleven.

Sil. There's no standing here, is not this the place?

Ric. Yes.

Ped. And to go back unto her Father's House, may breed Suspicion:

Let's slip into a Tavern for an hour, 'tis very cold.

Uber. Content; there is one hard by, a quart of burnt Sack will recover us, I am as cold as *Christmas*, this stealing Flesh in the frosty Weather, may be sweet i'th' eating, but sure the Woodmen have no great catch on't; shall's go?

Ric. Thou art the strangest lover of a Tavern, what shall we do there now? Lose the Hour and our selves too.

Uber. Lose a Pudding; what dost thou talk of the Hour; will one Quart muzzle us? Have we not Ears to hear, and Tongues to ask the
Drawers,

Drawers, but we must stand here like Bawds to watch the Minutes?

Sil. Prethee content thy self, we shall scout here, as though we went a haying, and have some mangy Prentice, that cannot sleep for scratching, over-hear us; Come, will you go Sirs? When your Love fury is a little frozen, you'll come to us.

Ric. Will you drink but one Quart then?

Fed. No more I'faith. *Sil.* Content.

Ric. Why then, have with you, but let's be very watchful.

Uber. As watchful as the Bellman; come, I'll lead, because I hate good Manners, they are too tedious. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Viola with a Key, and a little Casket.

Vio. The Night is terrible, and I enclos'd
With that my Virtue and my self hate most,
Darkness; yet must I fear that which I wish,
Some Company, and every step I take
Sounds louder in my fearful Ears to Night,
Than ever did the shrill and sacred Bell
That rang me to my Prayers; the House will rise
When I unlock the Door, were it by Day
I am bold enough, but then a thousand Eyes
Warn me from going; might not Heav'n have made
A time for envious prying folk to sleep,
Whilst Lovers met, and yet the Sun have shone?
Yet I was bold enough to steal this Key
Out of my Father's Chamber, and dare yet
Venture upon mine Enemy, the Night,
Arm'd only with my Love, to meet my Friend.
Alas, how valiant, and how afraid at once
Love makes a Virgin? I will throw this Key
Back through a Window, I have Wealth enough
In Jewels with me, if I hold his Love
I steal 'em for; farewell my place of Birth,
I never make account to look on thee again;
And if there be, as I have heard Men say,
These Household Gods, I do beseech them look
To this my charge, bless it from Thieves and Fire,
And keep, till happily my Love I win,
Me from thy Door, and hold my Father in.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Ricardo, Pedro, Uberto, Silvio, and a Drawer with a Candle.

Ric. No more for God's sake, how is the Night, Boy?

Draw. Faith, Sir, 'tis very late.

Uber. Faith, Sir, you lie, is this your Jack i'th' Clock-house?
Will you strike, Sir? Give's some more Sack, you Varlet.

Ric. Nay, if you love me, good *Uberro* go,
I am monstrous hot with Wine.

Uber. Quench it again with Love: Gentlemen I will drink one Health more, and then if my Legs say me not shamefully nay, I will go with you, give me a singular Quart.

Draw. Of what Wine, Sir?

Uber. Of Sack, you that speak confusion at the Bar, of Sack, I say, and every one his Quart, what a Devil let's be merry.

Draw. You shall, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Ped. We will, Sir, and a dried Tongue.

Sil. And an Olive, Boy, and a whole bunch of Fidlers, my Head swims plaguily, 'uds pretious I shall be claw'd.

Enter Drawer with four Quarts of Wine.

Ric. Pray go, I can drink no more, think on your Promise, 'tis Midnight, Gentlemen.

Uber. O that it were dumb Midnight now, not a word more, every Man on's Knees, and betake himself to his Saint, here's to your Wench, Signior, all this, and then away.

Ric. I cannot drink it.

Ped. 'Tis a Toy, a Toy, away wo't.

Uber. Now dare I speak any thing, to any Body living, come, where's the fault? Off with it.

Ric. I have broke my Wind, call you this Sack?——
I wonder who made it? He was a sure workman, for 'tis plaguy strong work. Is it gone round?

Uber. 'Tis at the last, out of my way, good Boy, Is the Moon up yet? *Draw.* Yes, Sir.

Uber. Where is she, Boy? *Draw.* There, Sir.

Uber. We shall have Rain and Thunder, Boy.

Draw. When, Sir?

Uber. I cannot tell, but sure we shall, Boy.

Draw. The Gentleman is Wine-wise. *Uber.* Drawer?

Draw. Here, Sir. *Uber.* Can you procure?

Draw. What, Sir?

Uber. A Whore, or two or three, as need shall serve, Boy?

Sil. Ay, a good Whore were worth Money, Boy.

Draw. I protest Sir, we are altogether unprovided.

Ric. The more's the pity, Boy, can you not 'vize us where; my Child?

Ped. Why where were you brought up, Boy? No inckling of a Whore? No aim, my Boy?

Uber. It cannot sink in my Head now, that thou should'st marry; why should'st thou marry, tell me?

Ric. I marry? I'll be hang'd first; some more Wine Boy.

Sil. Is she not a Whore translated? An she be, let's repair to her.

Ric. I cannot tell. she may be an Offender; but Signior *Silvio*, I shall scratch your Head, indeed I shall.

Sil. Judge me, I do but jest with thee, what an she were inverted

ted with her Heels upward, like a Traitor's Coat? What care I?

Uber. I, hang her, shall we fall out for her?

Ric. I am a little angry, but these Wenches, did you not talk of Wenches?

Sil. Boy, lend me your Candle. *Draw.* Why, Sir?

Sil. To set fire to your rotten Ceiling, you'll keep no Whores, Rogues, no good Members.

Draw. Whores, Sir?

Sil. Ay, Whores Sir, do you think we come to lie with your Hogsheads?

Ric. I must beat the Watch, I have long'd for't any time this three Weeks.

Sil. We'll beat down the Town too, and thou wilt, we are proof Boy; shall we kill any Body?

Ric. No, but we'll hurt 'em dangerously.

Uber. *Sil.* Now must I kill one, I cannot avoid it, Boy, easily afore there with your Candle: where's your Mistress?

Draw. A-bed, Sir. *Sil.* With whom?

Draw. With my Master.

Uber. You lie Boy, she's better brought up than to lie with her Husband, has he not cast his Head yet? Next Year he will be a Velter-headed Cuckold.

Draw. You are a merry Gentleman, there Sir, take hold. [Exeunt.]

Enter Viola.

Viol. This is the place, I have out-told the Clock For haste, he is not here. *Ricardo?* No:

Now every Power that loves and is belov'd, Keep me from shame to Night, for all you know

Each Thought of mine is innocent and pure, As Flesh and Blood can hold: I cannot back;

I threw the Key within, and e'er I raise My Father up, to see his Daughter's shame,

I'll sit me down, and tell the Northern Wind, That it is gentler than the curling West,

If it will blow me Dead; but he will come; I'faith 'tis cold; if he deceive me thus,

A Woman will not easily trust a Man. Hark, What's that?

Sil. within. Thou'rt over long at thy Pot, Tom, Tom, thou art over long at the Pot, Tom.

Viol. Bless me! Who's that? *Ped. within.* Whoo!

Uber. within. There Boys.

Viol. Darkness be thou my cover, I must fly, To thee I haste for help ———

Enter Ricardo, Pedro, Uberto, Drawer with a Torch.

Viol. They have a Light, Wind, if thou lovest a Virgin, blow it out,

And

And I will never shut a Window more,
To keep thee from me.

Ric. Boy. *Draw.* Sir. *Ric.* Why Boy.

Draw. What say you, Sir?

Ric. Why Boy? Art thou drunk, Boy?

Draw. What would you, Sir?

Ric. Why very good, where are we?

Uber. Ay, that's the Point.

Draw. Why Sir, you will be at your Lodging presently.

Ric. I'll go to no Lodging, Boy.

Draw. Whither will you go then, Sir?

Ric. I'll go no farther.

Draw. For God's sake, Sir, do not stay here all Night.

Ric. No more I will not, Boy, lay me down, and rowl me to a Whore.

Uber. And me. *Ped.* There spoke an——

Sil. Then set your Foot to my Foot, and up Tails all.

Viol. That is *Ricardo*, what a Noise they make?

'Tis ill done on 'em; here, Sirs, *Ricardo*?

Ric. What's that Boy?

Draw. 'Tis a Wench, Sir, pray Gentlemen come away.

Viol. O my dear Love! How dost thou?

Ric. Faith sweet Heart, even as thou see'st.

Ped. Where's thy Wench?

Uber. Where's this Bed-worm?

Viol. Speak softly for the love of Heav'n.

Draw. Mistress, get you gone, and do not entice the Gentlemen, now you see they're drunk, or I'll call the Watch, and lay you fast enough.

Viol. Alas, What are you? or, What do you mean?
Sweet Love, where's the Place?

Ric. Marry sweet Love, e'en here, lie down, I'll feed thee.

Viol. Good God! what mean you?

Ped. I'll have the Wench. *Uber.* If you can get her.

Sil. No, I'll lie with the Wench to Night, and she shall be yours to Morrow.

Ped. Let go the Wench. *Sil.* Let you go the Wench.

Viol. O Gentlemen, as you had Mothers!

Uber. They had no Mothers; they are the Sons of Bitches.

Ric. Let that be maintain'd. *Sil.* Marry then.

Viol. Oh bless me Heav'n!

Uber. How many is there on's? *Ric.* About five.

Uber. Why then let's fight three to three.

Sil. Content.

Draw. The Watch? the Watch? the Watch? Where are you?

[*Draw and fall down.*]

[*Exit.*]

Ric.

Ric. Where are these Cowards?

Ped. There's the Whore.

Viol. I never saw a drunken Man before,
But these I think are so. *Sil.* Oh!

Ped. I mist you narrowly there.

Viol. My state is such, I know not how to think
A Prayer fit for me, only I could move,
That never Maiden more might be in Love.

[*Exit.*

Enter Drawer, Constable and Watch.

Watch. Where are they, Boy?

Draw. Make no such haste, Sir, they are no Runners.

Uber. I am hurt, but that's all one, I shall light upon some of ye.

Pedro, thou art a tall Gentleman, let me kiss thee.

Watch. My Friend. *Uber.* Your Friend? you lie.

Ric. Stand further off, the Watch, you are full of Fleas.

Const. Gentlemen, either be quiet, or we must make you quiet.

Ric. Nay, good Mr Constable, be not so rigorous.

Uber. Mr. Constable, lend me thy Hand of Justice.

Const. That I will, Sir.

Uber. Fy Mr. Constable, What Golls you have? is Justice so blind
Y' cannot see to wash your Hands? I cry you Mercy, Sir;
Your Gloves are on.

Draw. Now you are up, Sir, Will you go to Bed?

Ped. I'll truckle here, Boy, give me another Pillow.

Draw. Will you stand up, and let me lay it on then?

Ped. Yes.

Draw. There hold him two of ye, now they are up, be going
Mr. Constable,

Ric. And this way, and that way, *Tom.*

Uber. And here away, and there away, *Tom.*

Sil. This is the right way, the other's the wrong.

Ped. Th' other's the wrong.

All. Thou art over-long at the Pot, *Tom, Tom.*

Ric. Lead valiantly, sweet Constable, whoop! ha Boys.

Const. This Wine hunts in their Heads.

Ric. Give me the Bill, for I'll be the Sergeant,

Const. Look to him, Sirs.

Ric. Keep your Ranks, you Rascals, keep your Ranks.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. I Cannot sleep for thinking of this Afs's Wife,
 I'll be gone presently, there's no staying here, with this
 Devil about me? ho, this is the House of Sleep, ho? again there,
 'sfoot, the darkness, and this love together, will make me Luna-
 tick; ho?

*Enter a Servingman above unready.**Ser.* Who calls there?*Mer.* Pray take the Pains to rise and light a Candle.*Ser.* Presently.

Mer. Was ever a Man but I in such a Stocks? well, this shall
 be a warning to me, and a fair one too, how I betray my self to
 such a Dance, by way of Benefit.

*Enter Servingman.**Ser.* Did you call?

Mer. Yes, pray do me the kindness, Sir, to let me out, and not
 enquire why, for I must needs be gone.

Ser. Not to Night, I hope, Sir.

Mer. Good Sir, to Night, I would not have troubled you else,
 pray let it be so.

Ser. Alas, Sir, my Master will be offended.*Mer.* That I have Business? no I warrant ye.*Ser.* Good Sir, take your Rest.*Mer.* Pray my good Friend let me appoint my own Rest.*Ser.* Yes, Sir.*Mer.* Then shew me the way out, I'll consider you.*Ser.* Good, Lord, Sir.

Mer. If I had not an excellent temper'd Patience, now should I
 break this Fellow's Head, and make him understand 'twere neces-
 sary; the only Plague of this House is the unhandsome love of Ser-
 vants, that ne'er do their Duty in the right Place, but when they
 muster before Dinner, and sweep the Table with a wooden Dag-
 ger, and then they are troublesome too, to all Men's Shoulders;
 the Woodcock's flesh again, now I shall have a new stir.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who how now Friend? What do you up so late? Are you
 well? Do you want any thing? pray speak.

Mer. Only the cause I rise for.*Ant.* What Knaves are these? What do you want? why Sirrah?

Mer. Nothing i'th' World, but the Keys to let me out of Doors?
 I must be gone, be not against it, for you cannot stay me.

Ant.

Ant. Be gone at this time? that were a merry Jest.

Mer. If there be any Mirth in't, make you use on't, but I must go.

Ant. Why, for loves sake?

Mer. 'Twill benefit your Understanding nothing to know the cause, pray go to Bed, I'll trouble your Man only.

Ant. Nay, Sir, you have rais'd more, that has reason to curse you, and you knew all, my Wife's up, and coming down too.

Mer. Alas, it will be a Trouble, pray go up to her and let me disturb no more, 'tis unmannerly.

Enter Maria, as out of her Bed.

Ant. She's here already: Sweet Heart, how say you by this Gentleman? he would away at Midnight.

Mar. That I am sure he will not. *Mer.* Indeed I must.

Mar. Good Sir, let not your homely Entertainment press you to leave your Bed at midnight; if you want, what my House or our Town may afford you, make it your own fault if you call not for it; pray go to Bed again; let me compel you. I am sure you have no Power to deny a Woman; the Air is piercing, and to a Body beaten with long travel, 'twill prove an ill Physician.

Mer. If she speak longer I shall be a Knave, as rank as ever sweat for't. Sir, if you will send your Wife up presently, I will either stay with you, d'ye mark me, or deliver you so just a cause, that you your self shall thrust me out of Doors, both suddenly and willingly.

Ant. I would fain hear that 'faith; pray thee go up Sweet-Heart, I have half-perswaded him; besides, he hath some private Business with me.

Mar. Good Night, Sir, and what Content you would have, I wish with you.

[*Exit.*

Mer. Could any Man that had a Back ask more! O me! O me!

Ant. Now deal directly with me: Why should you go?

Mer. If you be wise do not enquire the Cause, 'twill trouble you.

Ant. Why? prethee why?

Mer. 'Faith I would not have you know it, let me go, 'twill be far better for you.

Ant. Who's that, that knocks there? is't not at the Street Door?

Ser. Yes, Sir. *Ant.* Who's there, cannot you speak?

Viol. within. A poor distressed Maid, for God's sake let me in.

Mer. Let her in and me out together, 'tis but one labour, 'tis Pity she should stand i'th' Street, it seems she knows you.

Ant. There she shall stand for me; you are Ignorant, this is a common Custom of the Rogues that lie about the loose Parts of the City. *Mer.* As how?

Ant. To knock at Doors in dead time of Night, and use some feigned Voice to raise Compassion, and when the Doors are open, in they rush, and cut the Throats of all, and take the Booty; we cannot be too careful.

C

Viol.

Viol. within. As ever you had Pity let me in, I am undone else.

Ant. Who are you?

Viol. My name is *Viola*, a Gentlewoman that ill Chance hath distressed, you know my Father.

Mer. Alas of God we'll let her in, 'tis one of the Gentlewomen were here i'th' Evening, I know her by her Name, poor Soul, she's cold I warrant her, let her have my warm Bed, and I'll take her Fortune; come, pray come.

Ant. It is not *Viola*, that's certain, she went home to her Father's, I am sure.

Viol. Will not you be so good to let me in?

Ant. I'll be so good to have you whipt away, if you stay a little longer: She's gone I warrant her, now let me know your cause, for I will hear it, and not repent the knowing.

Mer. Since you are so Importunate, I'll tell you, I love your Wife excreably.

Ant. Very well.

Mer. And so well that I dare not stay. *Ant.* Why?

Mer. For wronging you. I know I am Flesh and Blood, and you have done me Friendships infinite and often, that must require me Honest and a true Man, and I will be so, or I'll break my Heart.

Ant. Why, you may stay for all this, methinks.

Mer. No, though I wou'd be good, I am no Saint, nor is it safe to try me, I deal plainly.

Ant. Come, I dare try you, do the best you can.

Mer. You shall not; when I am right again, I'll come and see you, 'till when, I'll use all Countries, and all Means, but I will lose this Folly, 'tis a Devil.

Ant. Is there no way to stay you?

Mer. No, unless you will have me such a Villain to you, as all Men shall spit at me.

Ant. Do's she know you love her?

Mer. No, I hope not, that were Recompence fit for a Rogue to render her.

Ant. If ever any had a faithful Friend, I am that Man and I may glory in't, this is he, that *ipse*, he that passes all Christendom for Goodness, he shall not overgo me in his Friendship, 'twere recreant and base, and I'll be hang'd first, I am resolv'd, go thy ways, a Wife will never part us, I have consider'd, and I find her nothing to such a Friend as thou art; I'll speak a bold word, take your time and woe her, you have overcome me clearly, and do what's sitting with her, you conceive me, I am glad at Heart you love her; by this light, ne'er stare upon me, for I will not fly from it, if you had spoken sooner, sure you had been serv'd; Sir, you are not every Man, now to your Task, I give you free leave, and the Sin is mine if there be any in it.

Mer.

Mer. He will be hang'd before he makes this good, he cannot be so innocent a Coxcomb, he can tell ten sure. If I had never known you as I have done, I might be one, as others perhaps sooner, but now 'tis impossible, there's too much Good between us.

Ant. Well, thou art e'en the best Man——I can say no more, I am so over-joy'd, you must stay this Night, and in the Morning go as early as you please, I have a Toy for you.

Mer. I thought this Pill would make you sick.

Ant. But where you mean to be I must have notice, And it must be hard by too, do you mark me?

Mer. Why, What's the Matter?

Ant. There is a thing in hand. *Mer.* Why? what thing?

Ant. A sound one, if it take right, and you be not peevish. We two will be——you would little think it; as famous for our Friendship——

Mer. How?

Ant. If Heav'n please, as ever *Damon* was, and *Pytheas*; or *Py-lades*, and *Orestes*, or any two that ever were; do you conceive me yet?

Mer. No, by my troth, Sir. He will not help me up sure.

Ant. You shall anon; and for our Names, I think they shall live after us, and beremember'd while there is a story; or I'll lose my aim.

Mer. What a Vengeance ails he? How do you?

Ant. Yes Faith, we two will be such Friends, as the World shall ring of.

Mer. And why is all this?

Ant. You shall enjoy my Wife. *Mer.* Away, away.

Ant. The Wonder must begin, so I have cast it, 'twill be scurvy else, you shall not stir a Foot in't, pray be quiet 'till I have made it perfect.

Mer. What shall a Man do with this wretched Fellow? there is no Mercy to be used towards him, he is not capable of any Pity, he will in spight of course be a Cuckold, and who can help it? Must it begin so needs, Sir?——Think again.

Ant. Yes marry must it, and I my self will woe this Woman for you; do you perceive it now? ha?

Mer. Yes, now I have a little sight i'th' matter; O that thy Head should be somenstrous, that all thy Servants Hats may hang upon't! But do you mean to do this?

Ant. Yes certain, I will woe her, and for you, strive not against it, 'tis the Overthrow of the best Plot that ever was then.

Mer. Nay, I'll assure you, Sir, I'll do no harm, you have too much about you of your own.

Ant. Have you thought of a Place yet? *Mer.* A Place?

Ant. Ay a Place where you will bide, prethee no more of this Modesty 'tis foolish, and we were not determin'd to be absolute Friends indeed, 'twere tolerable.

Mer. I have thought, and you shall hear from me.

Aut. Why, this will gain me everlasting Glory; I have the better of him, that's my Comfort, good Night. [Exit.]

Mer. Good Night; well go thy ways, thou art the tydiest Wit-
tal this Day I think above Ground, and yet thy end for all this must
be motly. [Exit.]

Enter a Tinker with a Cord, and Dorothy.

Tink. 'Tis bitter cold; a Plague upon these Rogues, how wary
they are grown? not a Door open now, but double barr'd; not a
Window, but up with a Case of Wood like a Spice box, and their
Locks unpickable: the very Smiths that were half Ventures, drink
penitent, single Ale, this is the Iron Age, the Ballad sings of; well,
I shall meet with some of your loose Linnen yet, good Fellows must
not starve; here's he shall shew God-a-mighty's Dog-bolts, if this
hold.

Dor. Faith thou art but too merciful, that's thy fault, thou art
as sweet a Thief, that Sin excepted, as ever suffer'd, that's a proud
Word, and I'll maintain it.

Tin. Come, prethee le's shog off, and browze an hour or two;
there's Ale will make a Cat speak, at the Harrow; we shall get no-
thing now, without we batter, 'tis grown too near Morning, the
Rogues sleep sober, and are watchful.

Dor. We want a Boy extreemly for this Function, kept under
for a Year, with Milk, and Knot-grass; in my time I have seen a
Boy do wonders; *Robin* the red Tinker had a Boy, rest his Soul, he suf-
fer'd this time four Years, for two Spoons, and a Pewter Candle-
stick, that sweet Man had a Boy, as I am Curstend Whore, would
have run through a Cat-hole, he would have boulded such a piece
of Linnen in an Evening——

Tin. Well, we will have a Boy, prethee let's go, I am vengeance
cold I tell thee.

Dor. I'll be hang'd before I stir without some purchase, by these
ten Bones, I'll turn She-ape, and untile a House, but I'll have it,
it may be I have a humour to be hang'd, I cannot tell.

Enter Viola.

Tin. Peace, you flead Whore, thou hast a Mouth like a Blood-
hound, here comes a Night-shade.

Dor. A Gentlewoman Whore, by this Darknes I'll case her to
the Skin. *Tin.* Peace, I say.

Viol. What Fear have I endur'd this dismal Night?
'And what Disgrace, if I were seen and known?

In which this Darknes only is my Friend,
That only has undone me; a thousand Curses
Light on my easie, foolish, childish Love,
That durst so lightly lay a Confidence.
Upon a Man, so many being false;

My weariness, and weeping, makes me sleepy, I must lie down.

Tin. What's this? A Prayer, or a Homily, or a Ballad of good Counsel? She has a Gown, I am sure.

Dor. Knock out her Brains, then she'll ne'er bite.

Tin. Yes, I will knock her, but not yet: You? Woman?

Viol. For God's sake what are you?

Tin. One of the Grooms of your Wardrobe, come, uncase, uncase, by'r Lady a good Kersey.

Viol. Pray do not hurt me, Sir.

Dor. Let's have no Pity, for if you do, here's that shall cut your Whistle.

Viol. Alas, what would you have? I am as miserable as you can make me any way.

Dor. That shall be try'd.

Viol. Here, take my Gown, if that will do you Pleasure.

Tin. Yes marry will it, look in the Pockets Doll, there may be Birds.

Dor. They are flown, pox go with them, I'll have this Hat, and this Ruff too, I like it, now will I flourish like a Lady brave, i' faith Boy.

Viol. You're so gentle People to my seeming, That by my truth I could live with you.

Tin. Could you so? A pretty young round Wench, well blooded, I am for her, Thieves.

Dor. But by this I am not, cool your Codpiece, Rogue, or I'll clap a Spell upon't, shall take your Edge off with a very Vengeance.

Tin. Peace, Horse-flesh, Peace, I'll cast off my Amazon, she has walk'd too long, and is indeed Notorious, she'll fight and scold, and drink like one of the Worthies.

Dor. Uds precious you young contagious Whore, must you be teasing? And, is your Flesh so rank, Sir, that two may live upon't? I am glad to hear your Cortalls grown so lusty; he was dry founder'd t'other Day, wehee my pamper'd Jade of Asia.

Viol. Good Woman do not hurt me, I am sorry that I have given any cause of Anger.

Dor. Either bind her quickly, and come away, or by this Steel I'll tell thee, though I trust for Company; now could I eat her broil'd, or any way, without Vinegar, I must have her Nose.

Viol. By any thing you love best, good Sir, good Woman.

Tin. Why her Nose, Dorothy?

Dor. If I have it not, and presently warm, I lose that I go withal.

Tin. Wou'd the Devil had that thou goest withal, and thee together, for sure he got thy Whelps if thou hast any, she's thy dear Dad, Whore! Put up your Cut-purse; an I take my Switch up, 'twill be a black time with you else, sheath your Bung Whore.

Dor. Will you bind her? We shall stand here prating, and be hang'd both.

Tin.

Tim. Come, I must bind you, not a word, no crying.

Viol. Do what you will, indeed I will not cry.

Tim. Hurt her not for if thou dost, by Ale and Beer, I'll clout thy old bald Brain-Pan with a piece of Brags, you Bitch incarnate.
[*Exeunt Tinker and Dorothy.*]

Viol. O Heav'n, to what am I reserv'd, that knew not
Through all my childish Hours and Actions,
More Sin, than poor Imagination,
And too much loving of a faithless Man?
For which I'm paid, and so, that not the Day
That now is rising to protect the harmless,
And give the innocent a Sanctuary
From Thieves and Spoilers, can deliver me
From Shame, at least Suspicion——

Enter Valerio.

Val. Sirrah, lead down the Horses easily, I'll walk afoot till I be down the Hill, 'tis very early, I shall reach home betimes. How now, who's there?

Viol. Night, that was ever Friend to Lovers, yet
Has rais'd some weary Soul, that hates his Bed,
To come and see me Blush, and then laugh at me.

Val. H'ad a rude Heart that did this,

Viol. Gentle Sir,
If you have that which honest Men call Pity,
And be as far from evil as you shew;
Help a poor Maid, that this Night by bad Fortune
Has been thus us'd by Robbers.

Val. A Pox upon his Heart that would not help thee, this Thief.
was half a Lawyer by his Bands. How long have you been tied here?

Viol. Alas, this hour, and with Cold and Fear am almost perish'd.

Val. Where were the Watch the while? Good sober Gent. they
were like careful Members of the City, drawing indiligent Ale, and
singing Catches, while Mr. Constable contriv'd the Toasts: These
Fellows would be more severely punish'd than wandring Gipsies,
that every Statute whips; for if they had every one two Eyes apiece
more, three Pots would put them out.

Viol. I cannot tell, I found no Christian to give me Succour.

Val. When they take a Thief, I'll take *Ostend* again; the Whore-
sons drink Opium in their Ale, and then they sleep like Tops: as
for their Bills, they only serve to reach down Bacon to make Rash-
ers on; now let me know whom I have done this Courtesie to,
that I may thank my early rising for it?

Viol. Sir, all I am, you see.

Val. You have a Name I'm sure, and a Kindred, a Father, Friend,
or something that must own you; she's a handsome young Wench;
what Rogues were these to rob her?

Viol.

Viol. Sir, you see all I dare reveal,
And as you are a Gentleman press me no further;
For there begins a Grief, whose bitterness
Will break a stronger Heart than I have in me,
And 'twill but make you heavy with the hearing,
For your own Goodness sake desire it not.

Val. If you would not have me enquire that, how do you live then?

Viol. How I have liv'd, is still one Question,
Which must not be resolv'd——
How I desire to live, is in your liking,
So worthy an Opinion I have of you.

Val. Is in my liking? How I pray thee? Tell me, i'faith I'll do
you any good lies in my Power; she has an Eye would raise a Bed-
rid Man; come, leave your Fear, and tell me, that's a good Wench.

Viol. Sir, I would serve——

Val. Who would'st thou serve? Do not weep and tell me.

Viol. Faith, Sir, even some good Woman, and such a Wife, if
you be married, I do imagine yours.

Val. Alas! thou art young and tender, let me see thy Hand, this
was ne'er made to wash, or wind up Water, beat Cloaths, or rub
a Floor; by this Light, for one use that shall be nameless, 'tis the
best wanton Hand that e'er I lookt on.

Viol. Dare you accept me, Sir, my Heart is honest,
Among your virtuous charitable Deeds,
This will not be the least.

Val. Thou canst in a Chamber? *Viol.* In a Chamber, Sir?

Val. I mean wait there upon a Gentlewoman.

How quick she is, I like that mainly too;
I'll have her, though I keep with main strength like a besieged
Town, for I know I shall have the Enemy afore me within a Week.

Viol. Sir, I can sow too, and make pretty Laces,
Dress a Head handsome, teach young Gentlewomen,
For in all these I have a little Knowledge.

Val. 'Tis well, no doubt I shall encrease that Knowledge.
I like her better still, how she provokes me; pretty young Maid,
you shall serve a good Gentlewoman, though I say't, that will not
be unwilling you should please me, nor I forgetful if you do.

Viol. I am the happier.

Val. My Man shall make some shift to carry you behind him,
can you ride well?

Viol. But I'll hold fast for catching of a fall.

Val. That's the next way to pull another on you. I'll work her
as I go, I know she's Wax now, at this time could I beget a Wor-
thy on this Wench,

Viol. Sir, for this Gentleness, may Heav'n requite you tenfold.

Val.

Val. 'Tis a good Wench, however others use thee, be sure I'll be a loving Master to thee; come. [Exeunt.]

Enter Antonio like an Irish Footman, with a Letter.

Ant. I hope I am wild enough for being known, I have writ a Letter here, and in it have abus'd my self most bitterly, yet all my Fear is not enough, for that must do it, that must lay it on, I'll win her out i' th' Flint, 'twill be more famous; now for my Language.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Now, Sir, who would you speak with?

Ant. Where be thy Mastr's Man? I would speak with her, I have a Letter.

Ser. Cannot I deliver it?

Ant. No, by my trot, and fait, canst thou not Man.

Ser. Well, Sir, I'll call her to you, pray shake your Ears without a little. [Exit Servingman.]

Ant. Cran a Cree do it quickly; this Rebel Tongue sticks in my Teeth worse than a tough Hen, sure it was ne'er known at *Babel*, for they sold no Apples, and this was made for certain at the first planting of Orchards, 'tis so crabbed.

Enter Maria, and Servingman.

Mar. What's he wou'd speak with me?

Ser. A kill-kenny Ring, there be stands, Madam?

Mar. What would you have with me, Friend?

Ant. He has a Letter for other Women, wilt thou read it?

Mar. From whence?

Ant. De Crosse Creeft from my Master.

Mar. Who is your Master?

Ant. I pray do you look.

Mar. Do you know this Fellow?

Ser. No Madam, not I, more than an *Irish* Footman; stand further Friend, I do not like your Rope-runners, what Stallion Rogues are these, to wear such Dowsets, the very Cotton may commit Adultery.

Mar. I cannot find whose Hand this should be, I'll read, *To the beauteous Wife of Don Antonio*: Sure this is some blind Scribe—, well now, What follows?

Ant. Pray God it take, I have given her that will stir her Conscience, how it works with her; Hope, if it be thy Will, let the Flesh have it.

Mar. This is the most abhor'd, intolerable Knavery, that ever Slave entertain'd, sure there is more than thine own Head in this Villany, it goes like practis'd Mischief; disabled in his Body? O good God, as I live he lies fearfully, and basely, ha? I should know that Jewel, 'tis my Husband, come hither that, are you an *Irish* Man?

Ant.

Ant. Sweet Woman a Cree I am an *Irish* Man.

Mar. Now I know it perfectly; is this your Trick, Sir?
I'll trick you for it; how long have you serv'd this Gentleman?

Ant. Please thee a little Day, O my *Mac dermond* put me to my Mastree, 'tis don I know.

Mar. By my Faith he speaks as well as if he had been lousie for the Language a Year or two. Well, Sir, you had been better have kept your own Shape as I will use you, what have I done that should deserve this Trial? I never made him Cuckold, to my Knowldge. Sirrah come hither.

Ant. Now will she send some Jewel, or some Letter,
I know her Mind as well; I shall be famous.

Mar. Take this *Irish* Bawd here.

Ant. How?

Mar. And kick him till his Breeches and Breech be of one colour, a bright blue both.

Ant. I may be well swing'd thus, for I dare not reveal my self, I hope she does not mean it, O hone, O hone, O St. *Patrick*, O a Cree, O sweet Woman.

Mar. No, turn him, and kick him o't'other side, that's well.

Ant. O good waiting Man, I beseech thee good waiting Man, a Pox fire your Legs.

Mar. You Rogue, you Enemy to all, but little Breeches,
How darest thou come to me with such a Letter?

Ant. Prethee pity the poor *Irish* Man. All this makes for me, it I win her yet, I am still more glorious.

Mar. Now could I weep at what I have done, but I'll harden my Heart again; go shut him up, 'till my Husband comes home; yet thus much e'er ye go, Sirrah thatch'd Head, would'st not thou be whipt, and think it Justice? Well *Aquaviva* Barrel, I will bounce you.

Ant. I pray you do, I beseech you be not angry.

Mar. O you hobby-headed Rascal, I'll have you flead, and Trof-fers made of thy Skin to tumble in, go away with him, let him see no Sun 'till my Husband come home: Sir, I shall meet with you for your Knavery, I fear it not.

Ant. Wilt thou not let me go? I do not like this.

Mar. Away with him.

Ser. Come I'll lead you in by your Jack-a-lent Hair, go quietly, or I'll make your Crupper crack.

Mar. And do you hear me, Sirrah? And when you have done, make my Coach ready.

Ser. Yes forsooth.

[Exit Servingman with Antonio.]

Mar. Lock him up safe enough. I'll to this Gentleman, I know the reason of all this Business, for I do suspect it; if he have this Plor, I'll ring him such a Peal, shall make his Ears deaf for a Month at least.

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Ricardo.

Ric. Am I not mad? Can this weak temper'd Head,
That will be mad with Drink, endure the Wrong
That I have done a Virgin, and my Love?
Be mad, for so thou oughtest, or I will beat
The Walls and Trees down with thee, and will let
Either thy Memory out, or Madness in;
But sure I never lov'd fair *Viola*,
I never lov'd my Father, nor my Mother,
Or any thing but Drink; had I had Love,
Nay, had I known so much Charity
As would have sav'd an Infant from the Fire,
I had been Naked, raving in the Street;
With half a Face, gashing my self with Knives,
Two hours e'er this time.

Enter Pedro, Silvio, and Uberto.

Ped. Good Morrow, Sir.

Ric. Good Morrow Gentlemen, shall we go drink again?
I have my Wits.

Ped. So have I, but they are unsettled ones, would I had some
Porridge.

Ric. The Tavern Boy was here this Morning with me,
And told me, that there was a Gentlewoman,
Which he took for a Whore, that hung on me:
For whom we quarrel'd, and I know not what.

Ped. I faith nor I.

Uber. I have a glimmering of some such thing.

Ric. Was it you, *Silvio*,
That made me drink so much? 'twas you or *Pedro*.

Ped. I know not who. *Sil.* We are all apt enough.

Ric. But I will lay the fault on none but me,
That I would be so entreated; come *Silvio*,
Shall we go drink again, come Gentlemen,
Why do you stay, let's never leave off now,
Whilst we have Wine, and Throats, I'll practise it,
Till I have made it my best quality;
For what is best for me to do but that?
For Heav'n sake come and drink; when I am nam'd,
Men shall make answer, Which *Ricardo* mean you?
The excellent Drinker? I will have it so,
Will you go drink?

Sil. We drunk too much too lately.

Ric. Why there is then the less behind to drink;
Let's end it all, dispatch that, we'll send abroad,
And purchase all the Wine the World can yield.
And then drink it off, then take the Fruits o'th' Earth,

Distill the Juice from them, and drink that off;
We'll catch the Rain before it fall to Ground,
And drink off that, that never more may grow;
We'll set our Mouths to Springs, and drink them off,
And all this while we'll never think of those
That love us best, more than we did last Night.
We will not give unto the Poor a drop
Of all this Drink, but when we see them weep,
We'll run to them, and drink their Tears off too:
We'll never leave whilst there is heat or moisture,
In this large Globe, but suck it cold and dry,
Till we have made it elemental Earth,
Merely by drinking.

Ped. Is't flattery to tell you, you are mad?

Ric. If it be false,

There's no such way to bind me to a Man;
He that will have me lay my Goods and Lands,
My Life down for him, need no more, but say,
Ricardo thou art mad, and then all these
Are at his Service, then he pleases me,
And makes me think that I had Virtue in me,
That I had Love and Tenderness of Heart,
That though I have committed such a fault,
As never Creature did, yet running mad,
As honest Men should do for such a Crime;
I have exprest some Worth, though it be late;
But I alas have none of these in me,
But keep my Wits still like a frozen Man,
That had no fire within him.

Sil. Nay, good *Ricardo* leave this wild Talk, and send a Letter
to her, I'll deliver it.

Ric. 'Tis to no purpose; perhaps she's lost last Night,
Or she got home again, she's now so strictly
Look'd to, the Wind can scarce come to her; or admit
She were her self, if she would hear from me,
From me unworthy, that have us'd her thus,
She were so foolish, that she were no more
To be belov'd.

Enter Andrugio, and Servant with a Night-gown.

Ser. Sir, we have found this Night-gown she took with her.

Ric. Where? where? speak quickly.

Ser. Searching in the Suburbs, we found a Tinker and his Whore
that had it in a Tap-house, whom we apprehended, and they con-
fess they stole it from her.

Ric. And murdered her? *Sil.* What ail you Man?

Ric. Why all this doth not make me mad.

Sil. It does, you would not offer this else; good *Pedro* look to his Sword.

Ser. They do deny the killing of her, but swore they left her tied to a Tree, in the Fields, next those Suburbs that are without our Lady's Gate, near Day, and by the Road, so that some Passenger must needs untie her quickly.

And. The will of Heav'n be done: Sir, I will only entreat you this, that as you were the greatest Occasion of her loss, that you will be pleased to urge your Friends, and be your self earnest in the Search of her; if she be found, she is yours, if she please; I my self only see these People better examin'd, and after follow some way in search. God keep you Gentlemen. [Exit.]

Sil. Alas good Man!

Ric. What think you now of me? I think this Lump Is nothing but a piece of Flegm congeal'd Without a Soul, for were there so much Spirit As would but warm a Flea, those faults of mine Would make it glow, and flame in this dull Heart, And run like molten Gold through every Sin, Till it could burst these Walls, and fly away. Shall Intreat you all to take your Horses, And search this Innocent? *Ped.* With all our Hearts.

Ric. Do not divide your selves till you come there, Where they say she was ty'd, I'll follow too, But never to return 'till she be found. Give my Sword good *Pedro*, I will do No harm, believe me, with it, I am now Far better temper'd; if I were not so, I have enow besides. God keep you all, And send us good Success. [Exeunt.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Mercury, and Servant.

Mer. **W**HO is it? can you tell?

Ser. By my Troth, Sir, I know not, but 'tis a Gentlewoman.

Mer. A Gentlewoman! I'll lay my Life, yon Puppy h'as sent his Wife to me; if he have, fling up the Bed.

Ser. Here she is, Sir.

Enter

Enter Maria with a Letter.

Mar. I am glad I found you, Sir; there take your Letter, and keep it till you have another Friend to wrong, 'tis too malicious false to make me Sin, you have provoked me to be that I love not, a Talker, and you shall hear me.

Why should you dare to imagine me
So light a Huswife, that from four hours Knowledge
You might presume to offer to my Credit
This rude and ruffian Tryal? I am sure
I never courted you, nor gave you Tokens,
That might concern Assurance; you are a Fool.

Mer. I cannot blame you, now I see this Letter,
Though you be angry, yet with me you must not,
Unless you'll make me guilty of a wrong,
My worst Affections hate—— *Mar.* Did not you send it?

Mer. No, upon my Faith; which is more, I understand it not;
the Hand is as far from my Knowledge, as the Malice.

Mar. This is strange.

Mer. It is so, and had been stranger, and indeed more hateful,
Had I, that had receiv'd such Courtesies, and owe so many Thanks,
done this base Office.

Mar. Your Name is at it.

Mer. Yes, but not my Nature, and I shall hate my Name worse
than the manner, for this base broking; you are wise and virtuous,
remove this fault from me; for on the love I bear to Truth and
Goodness, this Letter dare not name me for the Author.

Mar. Now I perceive my Husband's Knavery, if any Man can
but find where he has been, I will go with this Gentleman what-
soever comes on't; and as I mean to carry it, both he and the World
shall think it fit, and thank me for it.

Mer. I must confess I loved you at first, however this made me
leave your House unmannerly, that might provoke me to do some-
thing ill, both to your Honour and my Faith, and not to write this
Letter which I hold so truly wicked, that I will not think on't.

Mar. I do believe you, and since I see you are free, my words
were not meant to you; but this is not the half of my Affliction.

Mer. 'Tis pity you should know more Vexation; may I enquire?

Mar. Faith, Sir, I fear I have lost my Husband.

Mer. Your Husband? it cannot be: I pity her, how she's vext?

Enter Servant.

Mar. How now? What news? nay speak, for we must know.

Ser. Faith I have found at length, by chance, where he has been.

Mar. Where?

Ser. In a blind Out-house in the Suburbs, pray God all be well
with him.

Mar. Why?

Ser.

Ser. There are his Cloaths, but, what's become of him, I cannot yet enquire.

Mar. I am glad of this; sure they have murder'd him; what shall I do?

Mer. Be not so grieved, before you know the Truth, you have time enough to weep, this is the sudden'st Mischief; did you not bring an Officer to search there, where you say you found his Cloaths?

Ser. Yes, and we searcht it, and charg'd the Fellow with him; but he, like a Rogue, stubborn Rogue, made answer, he knew not where he was; he had been there, but where he was now, he could not tell: I tell you true, I fear him.

Mar. Are all my Hopes and Longings to enjoy him, After this three Years travel, come to this?

Ser. It is the rankest House in all the City, the most cursed ro-guy Bawdy-house. Hell fire it.

Mer. This is the worst I heard yet; will you go home? I'll bear you Company, and give you the best help I may: this being here will wrong you.

Mar. As you are a Gentleman, and as you lov'd your dead Friend, let me not go home, that will but heap one Sorrow on another.

Mer. Why propose any thing and I'll perform it; I am at my Wits end too.

Ser. So am I, O my dear Master! *Mer.* Peace, you great Fool.

Mar. Then good Sir, carry me to some retir'd place, far from the sight of this unhappy City, whither you will indeed, so it be far enough.

Mer. If I might counsel you, I think 'twere better to go home, and try what may be done yet, he may be at home afore you, who can tell?

Mar. O no, I know he's dead, I know he's murder'd; tell me not of going home, you murder me too.

Mer. Well, since it pleases you to have it so, I will no more persuade you to go home, I'll be your Guide in the Country, as your Grief doth command me, I have a Mother dwelling from this Place some 20 Miles; the House though homely, yet able to shew something like a welcome; thither I'll see you safe with all your Sorrows.

Mar. With all the speed that may be thought upon; I have a Coach here ready, good Sir, quickly. I'll fit you, my fine Husband.

Mer. It shall be so; if this Fellow be dead, I see no band of any other Man, to tie me from my will, and I will follow her with such careful Service, that she shall either be my Love, or Wife. Will you walk in?

Mar. I thank you, Sir, but one word with my Man, and I am ready; keep the Irish Fellow safe, as you love your Life, for he I fear

fear has a deep Hand in this; then search again, and get out warrants for that naughty Man, that keeps the bid House, that he may answer it, if you find the Body, give it due Burial; farewell. You shall hear from me, keep all safe.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ser. O my sweet Master!

Antonio knocking within.

Ant. within. Man-a-cree, the Devil take thee, wilt thou kill me here? I prethee now let me go seek my Master, I shall be very cheel else.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Do you hear Man-a-cree, I'll cree your Coxcomb, and you keep not still, down you Rogue.

Ant. Good sweet fact Serving-Man, let me out I beseech de, and by my trot I will give dye Worship two Shillings in good argot, to buy dye Worship Pippines.

Ser. This Rogue thinks all the Worth of Man consists in Pepins; by this Light I'll beat Rebellion out of you for ever.

Ant. Wilt thou not hear me Man? is fet; I'll give thee all I have about me.

Ser. I thank you, Sir, so I may have picking Work.

Ant. Here is five Shillings Man.

Ser. Here is a Cudgel, a very good one.

Enter two Servingmen.

2 Ser. How now, what's the matter? Where's the *Irishman*?

1 Ser. There, a wyth take him, he makes more Noife alone there, than ten Lawyers can do with double, and a scurvy Case.

2 Ser. Let him out, I must talk with him.

Enter Antonio.

(*Man.*)

Ant. Wilt thou give me some drink, O hone? I am very dry

2 Ser. You shall have that shall quench your Thirst, my Friend.

Ant. Fate dost thou mean Man?

2 Ser. Even a good tough Halter. *Ant.* A Halter? O hone!

2 Ser. Sirrah, you are mischievous Rogue, that's the Truth.

Ant. No, fet I am not.

1 Ser. Shall I knock out his Brains? I have kill'd Dogs have been worth three of him for all Uses.

2 Ser. Sirrah, the Truth on't is, you must with me to a Justice.

O Roger, Roger. *1 Ser.* Why, what's the matter, *William*?

2 Ser. Heavy news Roger, heavy News; God comfort us.

1 Ser. What is't Man?

Ant. What's the matter now? I am ev'n weary of this way, would I were out on't.

2 Ser. My Master sure is murder'd, Roger, and this cursed Rogue, I fear has had a hand in't. *Ant.* No, fet not.

1 Ser. Stand away, I'll kick't out of him: come Sirrah, mount, I'll make you Dance, you Rascal, kill my Master? If thy Breech

were

were Cannon proof, having this good Cause on my side, I would encounter it; hold fair, *Shamrocke*.

Ant. Why how now, Sirs? you will not murder me indeed.

2 Ser. Bless us, *Roger!* *Ant.* Nay, I am no Spirit.

2 Ser. How do you, Sir? this is my very Master.

Ant. Why well enough yet; but you have a heavy foot of your own; Where's my Wife?

1 Ser. Alas poor sorrowful Gentlewoman, she thinks you are dead, and has given o'er House-keeping.

Ant. Whither is she gone then?

1 Ser. Into the Country with the Gentleman, your Friend, Sir, to see if she can wear her Sorrows out there; she weeps and takes on too too——

Ant. This falls out pat; I shall be everlasting for a Name: Do you hear? upon your Lives and Faiths to me, not one word I am living, but let the same Report pass along, that I am murther'd still; I am made for ever. *1 Ser.* Why, Sir?

Ant. I have a Cause, Sir, that's enough for you; well, if I be not famous, I am wrong'd much; for any thing I know I will not trouble him this Week at least, no, let them take their way one of another.

1 Ser. Sir, Will you be still an *Irishman*? *Ant.* Yes, awhile.

2 Ser. But your Worship will be beaten no more?

Ant. No, I thank you *William*.

(Stranger.

1 Ser. In Truth, Sir, if it must be so, I'll do it better than a

Ant. Go, you are Knaves both, but I forgive you: I am almost mad with the Apprehension of what I shall be; not a word I charge you. [Exeunt.

Enter Valerio, and Viola.

Val. Come, pretty Soul, we now are near our home,
And whilst our Horses are walkt down the Hill,
Let thou and I walk here over this Close:
The Foot-way is more pleasant, 'tis a time,
My pretty one, not to be wept away,
For every living thing is full of Love;
Art not thou so too?

Viol. Nay, there are living things empty of Love,
Or I had not been here; but for my self,
Alas, I have too much.

Val. It cannot be, that so much Beauty, so much Youth and Grace, should have too much of Love.

Viol. Pray what is Love? For I am full of that I do not know.

Val. Why, Love fair Maid is an extream Desire,
That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd;
To ask the reason why thou art in Love,
Or what might be the noblest end in Love,

Would

Would overthrow that kindly rising warmth,
That many times slides gently o'er the Heart,
'Twould make thee grave and staid, thy Thoughts would be
Like a thrice married Widow, full of ends,
And void of all Compassion, and to fright thee
From such Enquiry, whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
And but sixteen; the knowing what Love is,
Would make thee six and forty.

Viol. Would it would make me nothing; I have heard
Scholars affirm, the World's upheld by Love;
But I believe, Women maintain all this,
For there's no Love in Men. *Val.* Yes, in some Men.

Viol. I know them not. *Val.* Why, there is Love in me.

Viol. There's Charity I am sure towards me.

Val. And Love; which I will now express. My pretty Maid,
I dare not bring thee home, my Wife is foul,
And therefore envious, she is very old,
And therefore jealous; thou art fair and young,
A Subject fit for her unlucky Vices
To work upon, she never will endure thee.

Viol. She may endure,
If she be ought but Devil, all the Friendship
That I will hold with you; can she endure
I should be thankful to you? May I pray
For you and her? will she be brought to think
That all the honest Industry I have,
Deserves brown Bread? If this may be endur'd
She'll pick a quarrel with a sleeping Child,
E'er she fall out with me.

Val. But trust me, she does hate all handsomeness.

Viol. How fell you in Love with such a Creature?

Val. I never lov'd her. *Viol.* And yet married her?

Val. She was a rich one.

Viol. And you swore, I warrant you, she was a fair one then too.

Val. Or believe me, I think I had not had her.

Viol. Are you Men all such? Wou'd you wou'd wall us in a place,
Where all we Women that are innocent
Might live together. *Val.* Do not weep at this,

Although I dare not for some weighty Reason
Displease my Wife, yet I forget not thee.

Viol. What will you do with me? *Val.* Thou shalt be plac'd
At my Man's House, and have such Food and Rayment
As can be bought with Mony: These white Hands
Shall never learn to work, but they shall play,
As thou say'st they were wont, teaching the Strings

To move in order, or what else thou wilt.

Viol. I thank you, Sir, but pray you cloath me poorly,
And let my Labour get me means to live.

Val. But fair one, you, I know do so much hate
A foul Ingratitude, you will not look
I should do this for nothing.

Viol. I will work as much as I can, and take as little,
That you shall have as duely paid to you
As ever Servant did.

Val. But give me now a trial on't, I may believe:
We are alone, shew me how thou wilt kiss
And hug me hard, when I have stolen away
From my too clamorous Wife that watches me,
To spend a blessed hour or two with thee.

Viol. Is this the Love you mean? You would have that
Is not in me to give, you would have Lust.

Val. Not to dissemble, or to mince the Word,
'Tis Lust I wish indeed.

Viol. And by my Troth I have it not; for Heav'n's sake use
me kindly.

Though I be good, and shew perhaps a Monster,
As this World goes. *Val.* I do

But speak to thee, thy Answers are thy own,
I compel none, but if you refuse this Motion,
Thou art not then for me; alas good Soul,
What profit can thy Work bring me?

Viol. But I fear, I pray go, for Lust, they say, will grow
Outragious, being deny'd; I give you thanks
For all your Courtesies, and there's a Jewel
That's worth the taking, that I did preserve
Safe from the Robbers, pray you leave me here
Just as you find me, a poor Innocent,
And Heav'n will bless you for it.

Val. Pretty Maid, I am no Robber, nor no Ravisher,
I pray thee keep thy Jewel, I have done
No wrong to thee; though thou beest virtuous,
And in extremity, I do not know
That I am bound to keep thee.

Viol. No Sir, for God's sake, if you know an honest Man in all
these Countries, give me some directions to find him out.

Val. More honest than my self, good sooth I do not know; I
would have lain with thee, with thy consent, and who would not
in all these Parts, is past my Memory; I am sorry for thee, farewell
gentle Maid, God keep thee safe. [Exit.

Viol. I thank you Sir, and you;
Woman, they say, was only made of Man;

Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike;
 It may be all the best was cut away
 To make the Woman, and the naught was left
 Behind with him. I'll sit me down and weep,
 All things have cast me from 'em but the Earth;
 The Evening comes, and every little Flower
 Droops now, as well as I.

Enter two Milk-maids with Pails.

Nan. Good *Madge* let's rest a little, by my Troth I am weary, this new Pail is a plaguy heavy one, would *Tom* were hang'd for chusing it, 'tis the untoward'st Fool in a Country.

Madge. With all my Heart, and I thank you too, *Nan.*

Viol. What true contented Happiness dwells here, More than in Cities? Wou'd to God my Father Had liv'd like one of these, and bred me up To Milk, and do as they do; methinks 'Tis a Life that I wou'd chuse, if I were now To tell my time again, above a Prince's. Maids for Charity Give a poor Wench one draught of Milk, That Weariness and Hunger have nigh famish'd.

Nan. If I had but one Cow's Milk in all the World, you should have some on't; there, drink more, the Cheese shall pay for it; alas poor Heart, she's dry.

Madge. Do you dwell hereabouts? *Viol.* No, would I did.

Nan. *Madge*, if she does not look like my Cousin *Sue* o'th' *Moor-lane*, as one thing can look like another——

Madge. Nay, *Sue* has a hazle Eye, I know *Sue* well, and by your leave, not so trim a Body neither, this is a feat bodied thing I tell you.

Nan. She laces close by the Mafs I warrant you, and so does *Sue* too.

Viol. I thank you for your Gentleness, fair Maids.

Nan. Drink again, pray thee.

Viol. I am satisfied, and Heav'n reward thee for't; yet thus far I will compel you to accept these trifles, Toys only that express my thanks, for greater worth I'm sure they have not in them; indeed you shall, I found 'em as I came.

Nan. *Madge*, look you here, *Madge.*

Madge. Nay, I have as fine a one as you, mine's all Gold, and painted, and a precious Stone in't; I warrant it cost a Crown, Wench.

Nan. But mine is the most sumptuous one, that e'er I saw.

Viol. One favour you must do me more, for you are well acquainted here.

Nan. Indeed we'll do you any kindness, Sister.

Viol. Only to send me to some honest place, where I may find a Service.

Nan. Uds me, our *Dorothy* went away but last Week, and I know my Mistress wants a Maid, and why may she not be plac'd there? This is a likely Wench, I tell you truly, and a good Wench I warrant her.

Madge. And 'tis a hard case if we that have serv'd four Years apiece, cannot bring in one Servant, we will prefer her; hark you Sister, pray what's your Name?

Viol. Melvia.

Nan. A feat Name i'faith, and can you milk a Cow? And make a merry-bush? That's nothing.

Viol. I shall learn quickly.

Nan. And dress a House with Flowers? And serve a Pig? This you must do, for we deal in the Dairy, and make a Bed or two?

Viol. I hope I shall.

Nan. But be sure to keep the Men out, they will marr all that you make-else, I know that by my self; for I have been so touz'd among'em in my Days; come you shall e'en home with us, and be our Fellow, our House is so honest, and we serve a very good Woman, and a Gentlewoman, and we live as merrily, and Dance a good Days after Even-song: Our Wake shall be on *Sunday*; do you know what a Wake is? We have mighty cheer then, and such a Coil, 'twould bless ye; you must not be bashful, you'll spoil all.

Madge. Let's home for God's sake, my Mistress thinks by this time we are lost; come, we'll have a care of you I warrant you; but you must tell my Mistress where you were Born, and every thing that belongs to you, and the strangest things you can devise, for she loves those extreamly, 'tis no matter whether they be true or no, she's not so scrupulous; you must be our Sister, and love us best, and tell us every thing, and when cold Weather comes, we'll lye together; will you do this?

Viol. Yes.

Nan. Then home again o' God's Name, can you go apace?

Viol. I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Pedro, and Uberto, severally.

Ped. **H**OW now, any good News yet?

Sil. Faith not any yet.

Ped. This comes o'tipling; would 'twere Treason and't please God, to drink more than three Draughts at a Meal.

Sil. When did you see *Ricardo*?

Ped. I crost him twice to Day.

Sil. You have heard of a young Wench that was seen last?

Ped. Yes. *Sil.* Has *Richard* heard of this?

Ped. Yes, and I think he's ridden after; farewell, I'll have another round.

Sil. If you hear any thing, pray spare no Horse-flesh, I'll do the like.

Ped. Do.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ricardo, and Valerio.

Ric. Sir, I did think 'twas you by all descriptions.

Val. 'Tis so,

I took her up indeed, the manner how
You have heard already, and what she had about her,
As Jewels, Gold, and other trifling things:
And what my end was, which because she slighted,
I left her there i'th' Fields.

Ric. Left i'th' Fields? Could any but a Rogue,
That had despis'd Humanity and Goodness,
Heav'n's Law and Credit, and had set himself
To lose his noblest part, and be a Beast,
Have left so innocent unmatched a Virtue
To the rude Mercy of a Wilderness?

Val. Sir, if you come to rail, pray quit my House,
I do not use to have such Language given
Within my Doors to me; for your Wench,
You may go seek her with more Patience,
She's tame enough, I warrant you.

Ric. Pray forgive me.

I do confess my much forgetfulness;
And weigh my Words no farther, I beseech you,
Than a mere madness, for such a Grief has seiz'd me
So strong and deadly, as a Punishment,
And a just one too,
That 'tis a general wonder I am living,

Thau

Than any thing I utter; yet let me tell you thus much;
 'Twas a fault for leaving her
 So in the Fields.

Val. Sir, I will think so now; and credit me,
 You have so wrought me with your Grief, that I
 Do both forgive and pity you:

And if you'll please to take a Bed this Night here,
 To Morrow I'll bring you where I left her.

Ric. I thank you; now shall I be so unworthy
 To think upon a Bed, or Ease, or Comfort,
 And have my Heart stray from me, God knows where,
 Cold and forsaken, destitute of Friends,
 And all good Comforts else, unless some Tree
 Whose speechless Charity must better ours,
 With which the bitter East Winds made their sport
 And sung through hourly, hath invited her
 To keep off half a Day? Shall she be thus,
 And I draw in soft slumbers? God forbid.
 No, Night and bitter Coldness, I provoke thee,
 And all the Dews that hang upon thy Locks,
 Showers, Hails, Snows, Frosts, and two-edged Winds that prime
 The Maiden Blossoms, I provoke you all,
 And dare expose this Body to your sharpness,
 Till I be made a Land-mark.

Val. Will you then stay and eat with me?

Ric. You're angry with me, I know you're angry,
 You would not bid me eat else; my poor Mistress,
 For ought I know thou'rt famish'd, for what else
 Can the Fields yield thee, and the stubborn Season,
 That yet holds in the Fruit? Good gentle Sir,
 Think not ill Manners in me for denying
 Your offer'd Meat, for sure I cannot eat
 While I do think she wants; well I'm a Rascal,
 A Villain, Slave, that only was begotten
 To murder Women, and of them the best.

Val. This is a strange Affliction.

If you'll accept no greater Courtesie, yet drink, Sir.

Ric. Now I am sure you hate me, and you knew
 What kind of Man I am, as indeed 'tis fit
 That every Man should know me to avoid me.
 If you have Peace within you, Sir, or Goodness,
 Name that abhorr'd word Drink no more unto me,
 You had safer strike me.

I pray you do not, if you love me do not.

Val. Sir, I mean no ill by it. *Ric.* It may be so,
 Nor let me see none Sir, if you love Heav'n;

You know not what Offence it is unto me,
Nor good now do not ask me why:
And I warn you once again, let no Man speak of't,
I fear your Servants will be prating to me.

Val. Why Sir, what ail you?

Ric. I hate Drink, there's the end on't,
And that Man that drinks with Meat is damn'd,
Without an age of Prayers and Repentance,
And there's a hazard too; good Sir, no more:
If you will do me a free Courtesie,
That I shall know for one, go take your Horse,
And bring me to the place where you left her.

Val. Since you are so importunate, I will;
But I will wish Sir, you had staid to Night;
Upon my Credit you shall see no Drink.

Ric. Be gone, the hearing of makes me giddy.
Sir, will you be entreated to forbear it,
I shall be mad else.

Val. I pray no more of that, I am quiet,
I'll but walk in, and away straight.

Ric. Now I thank you,
But what you do, do in a tiwnkling, Sir.

Val. As soon as may be.

Enter Mother, Viola, and two Milk-maids.

[*Exeunt.*]

Morb. Is this the Wench you have brought me?
Some Catch, I warrant.

How daringly she looks upon the matter?

Madge. Yes forsooth, this is the Maiden.

Morb. Come hither, would you serve?

Viol. If it shall please you to accept my Service, I hope I shall do
something that shall like you, though it be but Truth, and often
praying for you.

Morb. You are very curious of your Hand methinks,
You preserve it so with Gloves, let me see it;
I marry, here's a Hand of Marchpane, Wenches,
This pretty Palm never knew Sorrow yet;
How soft it is I warrant you, and supple:
O' my word, this is fitter for a Pocket to filch withal
Than to work withal; I fear me little one,
You are no better than you should be; go to.

Viol. My Conscience yet is but one witness to me,
And that Heav'n knows is of mine Innocence.
'Tis true, I must confess with shame enough,
The time that I have led, yet never taught me
What 'twas to break a Sleep, or to be weary.

Morb. You can say well; if you be mine, Wench, you must do
well too, for words are but slow Workers, yet so much hope I
have

have of you, that I'll take you, so you'll be diligent, and do your Duty; how now?

Enter Alexander.

Alex. There is a Messenger come from your Son, That brings you word he is return'd from Travel, And will be here this Night.

Morb. Now joy upon thee for it, thou art ever A bringer of good Tidings, there, drink that; In troth thou hast much contented me: My Son? Lord how thou hast pleas'd me, shall I see my Son Yet e'er I die? take care my House be handsome, And the new Stools set out, and Boughs and Rushes, And Flowers for the Window, and the *Turky* Carpet, And the great parcel Salt, *Nan*, with the Cruets, And prethee *Alexander* go to the Cook, And bid him spare for nothing, my Son's coming home; Who's come with him?

Alex. I hear of none yet, but a Gentlewoman.

Morb. A Gentlewoman? what Gentlewoman?

Alex. I know not, but such a one there is, he says.

Morb. Pray God he have not cast away himself Upon some Snout-fair piece, I do not like it.

Alex. No sure, my Master has more Discretion.

Morb. Well, be it how it will, he shall be welcome. Sirs, to your Tasks, and shew this little Novice How to bestir her self, I'll sort out things. *[Exit.]*

Madge. We will forsooth. I can tell you, my Mistress is a stirring Woman.

Nan. Lord how she'll talk sometimes? tis the maddest Cricket----

Viol. Methinks she talks well, and shews a great deal of good Huswivery, pray let me deck the Chambers, shall I?

Nan. Yes, you shall, but do not scorn to be advis'd, Sister, for there belongs more to that, than you are aware on; why should you venture so fondly upon the strowing? there's mighty matters in them I'll assure you, and in the spreading of a Bough-pot, you may miss, if you were ten Years elder, if you take not a special care before you.

Viol. I will learn willingly, if that be all.

Nan. Sirrah, where is't they say my young Master hath been?

Madge. Faith I know not, beyond the Sea, where they are born without Noses.

Nan. Bless us! without Noses? how do they do for Handkerchiefs?

Madge. So *Richard* says, and Sirrah, their Feet stand in their Foreheads.

Nan.

Nan. That's fine by my Troth, these Men have pestilent running Heads then; do they speak as we do?

Madge. No, they never speak.

Nan. Are they cursend?

Madge. No, they call them Infidels, I know not what they are.

Nan. Sirrah, we shall have fine courting now my young Master is come home; were you never courted, Sister?

Viol. Alas, I know it not.

Madge. What is that courting, Sirrah?

Nan. I can tell, for I was once courted in the matted Chamber, you know the Party *Madge*, faith he courted finely.

Madge. Pray thee what is't?

Nan. Faith, nothing, but he was somewhat figent with me, faith 'tis fine Sport, this courting.

Alex. within. Where be the Maids there?

Madge. We shall be hang'd anon, away good Wenches, and have a care you dight things handsomely, I will look over you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mercury, and Maria:

Mer. If your Sorrow will give you so far leave, pray think your self most welcome to this Place, for so upon my Life you are, and for your own fair sake, take truce awhile with these immoderate Mournings.

Mar. I thank you, Sir, I shall do what I may; Pray lead me to a Chamber.

Enter Mother and Alexander.

Mer. Presently,
Before your blessing Mother, I entreat ye
To know this Gentlewoman, and bid her welcome,
The virtuous Wife of him that was my self
In all my Travels.

[*Kneels.*]

Moth. Indeed she is most welcome, so are you Son,
Now all my Blessing on thee, thou hast made me
Younger by twenty Years, than I was yesterday:
Will you walk in? what ails this Gentlewoman?
Alas, I fear she is not well, good Gentlewoman.

Mer. You fear right. *Moth.* She has fasted over long,
You shall have Supper presently o'th' Board.

Mer. She will not Eat; I can assure you Mother,
For God's sake let your Maid conduct her up
Into some fair becoming Chamber,
Fit for a Woman of her Being, and
As soon as may be,

I know she's very ill, and wou'd have Rest.

Moth. There is one ready for her, the blue Chamber.

F

Mer.

Mer. 'Tis well, I'll lead you to your Chamber Door,
And there I'll leave you to your quiet, Mistress.

Mar. I thank you, Sir, good rest to every one,
You'll see me once again to Night, I hope?

[*Exit.*

Mer. When you shall please, I'll wait upon you, Lady.

Moth. Where are these Maids? attend upon the Gentlewoman, and see she want no good thing in the House: Goodnight with all my Heart forsooth. Good Lord how you are grown, is he not, *Alexander*?

Alex. Yes truly, he's shot up finely, God be thanked.

Mer. An ill Weed, Mother, will do so.

Alex. You say true, Sir, an ill Weed grows apace.

Mer. *Alexander* the sharp, you take very quickly.

Moth. Nay, I can tell you, *Alexander* will do it, do you read *Madcap* still?

Alex. Sometimes forsooth.

Moth. But faith Son, what Countries have you travell'd?

Alex. Why many Mother, as they lay before me, *France, Spain, Italy, and Germany*, and other Provinces, that I am sure you are not better'd by, when you hear of them.

Moth. And can you these Tongues perfectly?

Mer. Of some a little, Mother.

Moth. Pray spout some *French*, Son.

Mer. You understand it not, and to your Ears 'twill go like an unshod Cart upon the Stones, only a rough unhandsome sound.

Moth. I would fain hear some *French*.

Alex. Good Sir, speak some *French* to my Mistress.

Mer. At you intreaty, *Alexander*, I will; who shall I speak to?

Alex. If your Worship will do me the favour, Sir, to me.

Mer. *Monsieur, Poultiron, Coukew, Cullione, Besay, Man cur.*

Alex. *Ave Monsieur.*

Moth. Ha, ha, ha, this is fine indeed, God's Blessing on thy Heart Son, by my troth thou art grown a proper Gentleman, cullen and pullen, good God what awkward words they use beyond the Seas? ha, ha, ha!

Alex. Did not I answer right.

Mer. Yes, good *Alexander*, if you had done so too.

Eut good Mother, I am very hungry, and have rid far to Day, and am fasting.

Moth. You shall have your Supper presently, my sweet Son.

Mer. As soon as you please, which once ended,

I'll go and visit yon sick Gentlewoman.

Moth. Come then.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio like a Post, with a Letter.

Ant. I have ridden like a Fury, to make up this work, and I will do it bravely, e'er I leave it; this is the House I am sure.

Enter

Enter Alexander.

Alex. Who wou'd you speak with, Sir?

Ant. Marry Sir, I would speak with a Gentlewoman, came this Night late here from the City, I have some Letters of Importance to her; I am a Post, Sir, and would be dispatch'd in haste.

Alex. Sir, cannot I deliver 'em? for the truth is, she's ill, and in her Chamber.

Ant. Pray pardon me, I must needs speak with her, my Business is so weighty.

Alex. I'll tell her so, and bring you present word.

Ant. Pray do so, and I'll attend her; pray God the Grief of my imagined Death spoil not what I intend; I hope it will not.

Alex. Though she be very ill, and desires no trouble, yet if your Business be so urgent, you may come up and speak with her.

Ant. I thank you Sir, I follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What should this Fellow be i'th' Name of Heav'n, that comes with such post Business? sure my Husband hath reveal'd himself, and in this haste sent after me. Are you the Post, my Friend?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Yes, forsooth Mistress.

Mar. What good News hast thou brought me, gentle Post? For I have woe and grief too much already.

Ant. I would you had less, Mistress, I could wish it, beshrew my Heart she moves me cruelly.

Mar. Have I found you once more, Jugler? well Jewel, thou hast only Virtue in thee, of all I read of yet; what Ears has this Ass to betray him with? well, what's your Business then?

Ant. I brought a Letter from your Servant, Mistress, in haste.

Mar. Pray give it me, I hope the best still.

Ant. This is the upshot, and I know I have hit it. Well, if the Spirits of the dead do walk, I shall Hear more of this one hundred Years hence.

By any means you must have special care, for now the City is possessed for certain, my Master is made away, which for ought I know is truth indeed; good Mistress leave your Grief, and see your Danger, and let that wise and noble Gentleman with whom you are, be your right hand in all things.

Now do I know I have the better on't, by the languishing of her Eye at this near instant, 'tis still simming in her Blood, in coining somewhat to turn *Mercury*, I know it.

Mar. He is my Husband, and 'tis reasonable he should command in all things, since he will be an Ass against the Hair, at his own Peril be it, in the Morn you shall have a Pacquet, till when I must intreat you stay, you shall not lose by it.

Ant. I do not doubt it, Mistress; I'll leave you to your rest, and wait your pleasure.

Mar. Do, and seek out the Gentleman of the House, bid him come to me presently.

Ant. Who, Mr. Mercury?

Mar. Do you know him, Post?

Ant. Only by sight Forsooth, now I remember your Servant will'd me to let you know he is the only Man, you and your Fortunes are now to rest upon.

Mar. Prethee no more, I know all this already.

Ant. I'll take my leave now, I am made for ever. [Exit.]

Mar. Good Night, I am provided for you, my fine Youth.

[Exit.]

Enter Mother, beating Viola, and Alexander with a broken Glass.

Moth. I'll make thee have more care.

Viol. Good Mistress pardon me.

Moth. Thou'lt ne'er be good I warrant thee, can your fine Fingers hold no faster?

Viol. Indeed it was against my will.

Moth. *Alexander*, let's see the Glass, as I am true kinsome Woman, it is one of the chrysal Glasses my Cousin sent me, and the Baggage hath broke it where it cannot be mended; *Alexander*, can *Humphrey* mend this, think you?

Alex. No truly, this will ne'er be mended.

Viol. Truly I meant but to wash it for the Gentlewoman that is sick above, and shaking out the Water, knockt it against the Pail side.

Moth. Did you so? be sure I'll stop it, 'twill make a good gap in your Quarter's Wages, I can tell you.

Viol. I pray forgive me, and let me have no Wages this first Quarter.

Moth. Go whimling, and fetch two or three grating Loaves out of the Kitchen, to make Ginger-bread of, 'tis such an untoward thing. [Exit Viola.]

Alex. She's somewhat simple indeed, she knew not what a Kimmel was, she wants good Nurture mightily.

Moth. My Son tells me, *Alexander*, that this young Widow means to sojourn here, she offers largely for her Board, I may offer her good Cheer, prethee make a step i'th' Morning down to the Parsonage for some Pigeons? What are you mad there? what Noise is that? are you at Bowls within? why do you whine?

Enter Viola weeping.

Viol. I have done another fault, I beseech you sweet Mistress forgive me.

Moth. What's the matter?

Viol. As I was reaching for the Bread that lay upon the Shelf, I have

have thrown down the minc'd Meat, that should have made the Pies to Morrow.

Moth. Get thee out of my House, thou filthy destroying Harlot, thou, I'll not keep thee an hour longer.

Viol. Good Mistress, beat me rather for my fault, as much as it deserves, I do not know whither to go.

Moth. No I warrant thee, out of my Doors.

Viol. Indeed I'll mend, I pray speak you for me.

Alex. If thou hadst hurl'd down any thing but the Pie-meat, I would have spoke for thee, but I cannot find in my Heart now.

Moth. Art thou here yet? I think I must have an Officer to thrust thee out of my Doors, must I?

Viol. Why, you may stop this in my Wages too, For God's sake do, I'll find my self this Year; And let me stay.

Moth. Thou't spoil ten times as much, I'll Cudgel thee out of my Doors.

Viol. I am assur'd you are more merciful, Than thus to beat me and discharge me too.

Moth. Dost thou dispute with me? *Alexander*, carry the prating Hilding forth.

Viol. Good Mistress hear me, I have here a Jewel My Mother left me, and 'tis something worth: Receive it, and when all my faults together Come to the worth of that, then turn me forth, Till then I pray you keep me.

Moth. What Giggambob have we here? pray God you have not pilfered this somewhere; th'art such a puling thing, wipe your Eyes, and rise, go your ways; *Alexander*, bid the Cook mince some more Meat, come, and get you to Bed quickly, that you may up betime i'th' Morning a milking, or you and I shall fall out worse yet.

[*Ex. Moth. and Alex.*]

Viol. She has hurt my Arm; I am afraid she is a very angry Woman, but bless him Heav'n that did me the most wrong, I am afraid *Antonio's* Wife should see me, she will know me.

Moth. within Melvia.

Viol. I am coming, she's not angry again I hope.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Now what am I the better for enjoying

This Woman that I lov'd so? all I find,

That I before imagined to be happy:

Now I have done, it turns to nothing else

But a poor, pitied, and a base Repentance.

Udsfoot, I am monstrous angry with my self:

Why should a Man, that has Discourse and Reason,

And knows how near he loses all in these things,

Covet to have his Wishes satisfied;
 Which when they are, are nothing but the shame.
 I do begin to loath this Woman strangely,
 And I think justly too, that durst adventure,
 Flinging away her Modesty, to take
 A Stranger to her Bed, her Husband's Body
 Being scarce cold in the Earth, for her content
 It was no more to take my Senses with,
 Than if I had an idle Dream in Sleep:
 Yet I have made her Promises, which grieves me,
 And I must keep 'em too. I think she hunts me:
 The Devil cannot keep these Women off,
 When they are fletched once.

Enter Maria in Night Attire.

Mar. To Bed for God's sake Sir, why do you stay here?
 Some are up'th' House, I heard the Wife,
 Good dear Sweet-heart to Bed.

Mer. Why, I am going: Why do you follow me?
 You would not have it known I hope, pray get you
 Back to your Chamber, the Door's hard by for me,
 Let me alone: I warrant you this it is
 To thresh well, I have got a Customer,
 Will you go to Bed?

Mar. Will you? *Mer.* Yes, I am going.

Mar. Then remember your Promise you made to marry me:

Mer. I will; but it is your fault, that it came
 To this pinch now, that it must need remembrance:
 For out of Honesty I offer'd you
 To marry you first, Why did you slack that Offer?

Mar. Alas I told you the inconvenience of it,
 And what wrong it would appear to the World,
 If I had married in such Post-haste.
 After his Death: Beside, the foolish People
 Wou'd have been bold to have thought we had lain together in his
 time, and like enough imagin'd
 We had murder'd him.

Mer. I love her Tongue yet; if I were a Saint,
 A gilded Saint, and such a thing as this
 Should prate thus wittily and feelingly
 Unto my Holiness, I cannot tell,
 But I fear shrewdly I should do something
 That would quite scratch me out o'th' Kalender,
 And if I stay longer talking with her,
 Though I am mad at what I have done already,
 Yet I shall forget my self again;
 I feel the Devil

Ready

Ready to hold my Stirrop; pray to Bed, good Night.

Mar. This Kiss, good Night sweet Love,
And Peace go with thee, thou hast prov'd thy self
The honestest Man that ever was entic'd
To that sweet Sin as People please to call it,
Of lying with another's Wife; and I,
I think the honestest Woman without blushing,
That ever lay with another Man. I sent my Husband
Into a Cellar, Post, fearing, and justly,
He should have known him, which I did not purpose
Till I had had my end.

Well, now this Plot is perfect, let him brag on't.

[Exit]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Justice and Curio with a Paper.

Just. **B**irlady Sir, you have rid hard that you have.

Cur. They that have Business, must do so, I take it.

Just. You say true, when set you out, my Friend?

Cur. About ten a Clock, and I have rid all Night.

Just. By the Mass you are tough indeed, I have seen the Days
I would have rid too with the proudest of them, and sling dirt in
their Faces, and I have don't with this foolish Boy, Sir, many a
time; but what can last always? 'Tis done, 'tis done now, Sir, Age,
Care, and Office, bring us to our Bootcloaths, the more the pity.

Cur. I believe that, Sir, but will it please you to read the Business?

Just. My Friend, I can read, and I can tell you when.

Cur. Would I could too Sir, for my haste requires it.

Just. Whence comes it, do you say?

Cur. Sir, from the City.

Just. Oh from the City, 'tis a reverend Place.

Cur. And his Justice be as short as his Memory,
A Dudgeon Dagger will serve him to mow down Sin withal;
What clod-pole Commissioner is this?

Just. And by my Faith, govern'd by worthy Members,
Discreet and upright.

Cur. Sir, they are beholding to you, you have given some of them
a Commendation, they were not worthy of this twenty Years.

Just. Go to, go to, you have a merry meaning, I have found
you Sir, i'faith, you are a Wag, away, fie now I'll read your Let-

Cur. Pray do Sir; what a misery 'tis (ter.
To have an urgent Business wait the Justice

Of such an old Tuff-taffata, that knows not,
Nor can be brought to understand more Sense,
'Than how to reitore suppress Ale-houses,
And have his Man compound small Trespasses,
For ten Groats.

Just. Sir, it seems here your business is of a deeper Circumstance than I conceiv'd it for; what do you mean, Sir?

Cur. 'Tis for mine own ease, I'll assure your Worship.

Just. It shall not be i'faith Friend, here I have it,
That one *Antonio* a Gentleman, I take it so,
Yes, it is so, a Gentleman, is lately thought to
Have been made away, and by my Faith, upon a
Pearls Ground too, if you consider; well, there's
Knavery in't, I see that without Spectacles.

Cur. Sure this Fellow deals in Revelation, he's so hidden,
Go thy ways, thou wilt stick a Bench Spit as formally,
And shew thy 'got, and hatch'd Chain,
As well as the best of them.

Just. And now I have consider'd, I believe it.

Cur. What, Sir?

Just. That he was murdered.

Cur. Did you know him?

Just. No.

Cur. Nor how it is suppos'd.

Just. No, nor I care not two-pence, those are Toys, and yet I verily believe he was murdered, as sure as I believe thou art a Man, I never fail'd in these things yet, ware a Man that's beaten to these matters, Experience is a certain conceal'd thing that fails not: Pray let me ask you one thing, why do you come to me?

Cur. Because the Letter is address'd to you, being the nearest Justice.

Just. The nearest? Is that all?

Cur. I think it be Sir, I would be loth you should be the wisest.

Just. Well Sir, as it is, I will endeavour in it; yet if it had come to me by Name, I know not, but I think it had been as soon dispatch'd as by another, and with as round a Wisdom, ay, and as happily, but that's all one: I have born this Place this thirty Years, and upwards, and with sufficient Credit, and they may when they please know me better; to the nearest? Well.

Cur. Sir, it is not my fault, for had I known you sooner——

Just. I thank you Sir, I know it.

Cur. I'll be sworn you should have plaid for any business now.

Just. And further, they have specified unto me, his Wife is sorely suspected in this matter, as a main Cause.

Cur. I think she be Sir, for no other Cause can be yet found.

Just. And one *Mercury* a Traveller, with whom they say directly she is run away, and as they think this way.

Cur.

Cur. I knew all this before.

Just. Well Sir, this *Mercury* I know, and his breeding, a Neighbour's Child hard by; you have been happy, Sir, in coming hither.

Cur. Then you know where to have him, Sir?

Just. I do Sir, he dwells near me.

Cur. I doubt your Worship dwells near a Knave then.

Just. I think so, pray put on: But 'tis a wonder
To see how graceless People are now given,
And how base Virtue is accounted with them,
That should be all in all, as says a wise Man.

I tell you Sir, and it is true, that there have been such Murthers,
and of late Days, as 'twould make your very Heart bleed in you,
and some of them as I shall be enabled, I will tell you, it fell out
of late Days.

Cur. It may be so, but will it please you to proceed in this?

Just. An honest Weaver, and as good a Workman as e'er shot
Shuttle, and as close, but every Man must die; this honest Weaver
being a little mellow in his Ale, that was the Evidence *verbatim*,
Sir, God bless the Mark, sprung his Neck just in this place; well
Jarvis, thou hadst Wrongs, and if I live some of the best shall sweat
for't; then a Wench ———

Cur. But Sir, you have forgot my Business.

Just. A sober pretty Mad about seventeen they say, certainly,
however 'tis shuffled, she burst her self, and fondly, if it be so, with
Fornery at a Churching, but I think the Devil had another Agent
in't; either of which, if I can catch, shall stretch for't.

Cur. This is a mad Justice that will hang the Devil; but I would
you would be short in this, before that other Notice can be given.

Just. Sir, I will do discreetly what is fitting; what, *Antonio*?

Ant. within. Your Worship.

Just. Put on your best Coat, and let your Fellow *Mark* go to the
Constable, and bid him aid me with all the speed he can, and all
the Power, and provide Pen and Ink to take their Confessions, and
my long Sword: I cannot tell what Danger we may meet with;
you'll go with us?

Cur. Yes, what else? I came to that end to accuse both Parties.

Just. May I crave what you are?

Cur. Faith Sir, one that to be known would not profit you, more
than a near Kinsman of the dead *Antonio*'s.

Just. 'Tis well, I am sorry for my Neighbour, truly that he had
no more grace, 'twill kill his Mother; she's a good old Woman;
will you walk in? I'll but put my Cloak on, and my Chain off, and
a clean Band, and have my Shoes blackt over, and shift my Jer-
kin, and we'll to our business, and you shall see how I can bolt
these matters.

Cur. As soon as't please you, Sir.

G

[*Ex.*
Enter

Enter Valerio, and Ricardo.

Val. This is the place; here did I leave the Maid
Alone last Night, drying her tender Eyes,
Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous
To have me gone.

Ric. How rude are all we Men,
That take the name of Civil to our selves?
If she had set her Foot upon an Earth
Where People live that we call barbarous;
Though they had had no House to bring her to,
They would have spoil'd the Glory that the Spring
Has deckt the Trees in, and with willing Hands
Have torn their Branches down, and every Man
Would have become a Builder for her sake.
What time left you her there?

Val. I left her, when the Sun had so much to set,
As he is now got from his place of rise.

Ric. So near the Night she could not wander far;
Fair *Viola*!

Val. It is in vain to call, she sought a House
Without all question. *Ric.* Peace, fair *Viola*!
Fair *Viola*! Who would have left her here
On such a Ground? If you had meant to lose her,
You might have found there were no Ecchoes here
To take her Name, and carry it about,
When her true Lover came to mourn for her,
Till all the neighbouring Valleys and the Hills,
Resounded *Viola*,———and such a Place
You should have chose———you pity us because
The Dew a little wets our Feet,
Unworthy far to seek her in the wet;
And what becomes of her? where wandred she,
With two showers raining on her, from her Eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither Tree nor House to shelter her?
Will you go with me to Travel?

Val. Whither? *Ric.* Over all the World.

Val. No by my Faith, I'll make a shorter Journey
When I do travel. *Ric.* But there's no hope
To gain my end in any shorter way.

Val. Why, what's your end?

Ric. It is to search the Earth,
Till we have found two in the shapes of Men,
As wicked as our selves.

Val. 'Twere not so hard to find out those.

Ric. Why, if we find them out,

It were the better, for what brave Villany
Might we four do? We would not keep together,
For every one has Treachery enough
For twenty Countries; one should trouble *Asia*,
Another should sow strife in *Africa*;
But you should play the Knave, at home in *Europe*;
And for *America* let me alone. *Val.* Sir, I am honefter
Than you know how to be, and can no more
Be wrong'd, but I shall find my self a right.

Ric. If you had any spark of Honesty,
You would not think that honefter than I,
Were a Praise high enough to serve your turn:
If Men were commonly so bad as I,
Thieves would be put in Kalenders for Saints;
And Bones of Murderers would work Miracles.
I am a kind of Knave, of Knave so much
There is betwixt me, and the vilest else——
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter two Milk-maids and Viola with Pails.

Val. That last is she, 'tis she.

Ric. Let us away, we shall infect her, let her have the Wind,
And we will kneel down here.

Viol. Wenches away, for here are Men.

Val. Fair Maid, I pray you stay. *Viol.* Alas, again?

Ric. Why do you lay hold on her? I pray heartily let her go.

Val. With all my Heart, I do not mean to hurt her.

Ric. But stand away then, for the purest Bodies
Will soonest take Infection, stand away,
But for infecting her my self, by Heav'n,
I would come there, and beat thee further off.

Viol. I know that Voice and Face.

Val. You are finely mad, good bwy Sir, now you are here together,
I'll leave you so, God send you good luck, both; when you
are soberer, you'll give me thanks. [Exit.]

Madge. Wilt thou go Milk? Come.

Nan. Why dost not come?

Madge. She nods, she's asleep. *Nan.* What, wert up so early?

Madge. I think yon Man's mad to kneel there, nay come come
away, uds Body, *Nan*, help, she looks black i'th' Face, she's in a
soud.

Nan. And you be a Man, come hither, and help a Woman.

Ric. Come hither? You are a Fool.

Nan. And you a Knave and a Beast, that you are.

Ric. Come hither, 'twas my being now so near
That made her swoond, and you are wicked People,
Or you wou'd do so too; my Venom Eyes

Strike Innocency dead at such a distance,
Here I'll kneel, for this is out of distance.

Nan. Thou'rt a prating Ass, there's no Goodness in thee,
I warrant, how dost thou?

Viol. Why? Well. *Madge.* Art thou able to go?

Viol. No, pray go you and milk, if I be able to come
I'll follow you, if not, I'll sit here
Till you come back.

Nan. I am loth to leave thee here with yon wild Fool.

Viol. I know him well, I warrant thee he will not hurt me.

Madge. Come then, *Nan.*

[*Exeunt Maids.*]

Ric. How do you? be not fearful, for I hold my Hands
Before my Mouth, and speak, and so
My Breath can never blast you.

Viol. 'Twas enough to use me ill, though you had never sought
me to mock me, why kneel you so far off, were not that Gesture
better us'd in Prayer? had I dealt so with you, I should not sleep,
till Heav'n and you had both forgiven me.

Ric. I do not mock, nor lives there such a Villain
That can do any thing contemptible
To you; but I do kneel, because it is
An Action very fit and reverent,
In presence of so pure a Creature,
And so far off, as fearful to offend
One too much wrong'd already.

Viol. You confess you did the fault, yet scorn to come
So far as hither, to ask Pardon for't;
Which I could willingly afford to come
To you, to grant; good Sir, if you have
A better Love, may you be blest together,
She shall not wish you better than I will.
I but offend you, there are all the Jewels
I stole, and all the Love I ever had,
I leave behind with you, I'll carry none
To give another; may the next Maid you try
Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I.

Ric. Do not leave me yet for all my fault,
Search out the next things to impossible,
And put me on them, when they are effected,
I may with better Modesty receive
Forgiveness from you. *Viol.* I will set no Penance,
To gain the great Forgiveness you desire,
But to come hither and take me and it;
Or else I'll come and beg, so you will grant,
That you will be content to be forgiven.

Ric. Nay, I will come since you'll have it so,

And

And since you please to pardon me, I hope
Free from Infection, here I am by you;
A careless Man, a breaker of my Faith,
A lothsome Drunkard; and in that wild Fury,
A hunter after Whores: I do beseech you,
To pardon all these Faults, and take me up
An honest, sober, and a faithful Man.

Viol. For Heav'n's sake, urge your Faults no more, but mend;
All the Forgiveness I can make you, is,
To love you, which I will do, and desire
Nothing but Love again, which if I have not
Yet I will love you still,

Ric. Oh Women, that some one of you will take
An everlasting Pen into your Hands,
And grave in Paper, which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble Monuments,
Your matchless Virtues to Posterities;
Which the defective race of envious Man
Strive to conceal.

Viol. Methinks I would not now for any thing,
But you had mist me, I have made a story
Will serve to waste many a Winter's fire,
When we are old, I'll tell my Daughters then,
The Miseries their Mother had in love;
And say, my Girls be wiser, yet I would not
Have had more Wit my self. Take up those Jewels,
For I think I hear my Fellows coming.

Enter the Milk maids with their Pails:

Madge. How dost thou now?

Viol. Why, very well I thank you, 'tis late, shall I haste home?

Nan. I prethee we shall be shent soundly.

Madge. Why does that railing Man go with us?

Viol. I prethee speak well of him, on my word
He's an honest Man.

Nan. There was never any so on's Complexion, a Gentleman?
I'd be asham'd to have such a foul Mouth.

Enter Mother, Alexander, Andrugio, and his Man Rowland. [Exeunt.

Moth. How now Alexander, what Gentleman is this?

Alex. Indeed forsooth I know not, I found him at the Market full
of woe, crying a lost Daughter, and telling all her Tokens to the
People, and what you wot? by all Subscription in the World, it
should be our new Maid *Melvia*, one would little think it, there-
fore I was bold to tell him of her, Mistress.

Moth. *Melvia*? It cannot be Fool, alas you know she is a poor
Wench, and I took her in upon mere Charity.

And. So seem'd my Daughter when she went away, as she had made her self.

Moth. What Stature was your Child of, Sir?

And. Not high, and of a brown Complexion. Her Hair aborn, a round Face, which some Friends that flattered me, would say 'twould be a good one.

Alex. This is still *Melvia*, Mistress, that's the Truth on't.

Moth. It may be so, I'll promise you.

Alex. Well, go thy ways, the flower of our Town, for a Hand and a Foot, I shall never see thy Fellow.

Moth. But had she not such Toys, as Bracelets, Rings, and Jewels?

And. She was something bold indeed, to take such things that Night she left me.

Moth. Then belike she run away?

And. Though she be one I love, I dare not lye, she did indeed.

Moth. What think you of this Jewel?

And. Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine, you have made me a new Man, I thank you for it.

Moth. Nay, and she be given to filching, there is your Jewel, I am clear on't: but by your leave, Sir, you shall answer me for what is lost since she came hither, I can tell you, there lye things scattering in every Place about the House.

Alex. As I am virtuous, I have the lyingst old Gentlewoman to my Mistress, and the most malicious, the Devil a good word will she give a Servant, that's her old Rule; and God be thanked, they'll give her as few, there is perfect love on both Sides; it yearns my Heart to see the Wench misconstrued, a careful Soul she is, I'll be sworn for her, and when she's gone, let them say what they will, they may cast their Caps at such another.

And. What you have lost by her, with all my Heart I'll see you double paid for; you have sav'd, With your kind Pity, two that must not live Unless it be to thank you; take this Jewel, This strikes off none of her Offences, Mistress, Would I might see her.

Moth. *Alexander*, run, and bid her make haste home, she's at the milking Close; but tell her not by any means who's here, I know she'll be too fearful.

Alex. Well, we'll have a Posset yet at parting, that's my Comfort, and one round, or else I'll lose my Will. [Exit.]

And. You shall find *Silvio*, *Uberto* and *Pedro* enquiring for the Wench at the next Town, tell them she is found, and where I am, and with the favour of this Gentlewoman, desire them to come hither.

Moth. I pray do, they shall be all welcome.

[Exit Ser:
Enter

Enter Justice, Curio, and Mark.

Just. By your leave Forsooth; you shall see me find the Parties by a sight.

Morb. Who's that, Mr. Justice? how do you, Sir?

Just. Why, very well, and busie, where's your Son?

Morb. He's within, Sir.

Just. Hum, and how does the young Woman my Cousin, that came down with him.

Morb. She's above, as a Woman in her case may be.

Just. You have confest it? then Sirrah call in the Officers; she's no Cousin of mine; a mere trick to discover all.

Morb. To discover? what?

Enter Mark and Officers.

Just. You shall know that anon; I think I have over-reached you; oh welcome, enter the House, and by Vertue of my Warrant which you have there, seize upon the Bodily Persons of those Names are there written, to wit, one *Mercury*, and the Wife of one *Antonio*.

Morb. For what?

Just. Away I say,

This Gentleman shall certifie you for what.

[*Ex. Officer.*

Morb. He can accuse my Son of nothing, he came from Travel but within these two Days?

Just. There hangs a Tale.

Morb. I should be sorry this should fall out at any time, but especially now, Sir; will you favour me so much, as to let me know of what you accuse him?

Cur. Upon Suspicion of Murther.

Morb. Murther? I defie thee.

Cur. I pray God he may prove himself innocent.

Just. Fie, say-not so, you shew your self to be no good Common-wealths Man; for the more are hang'd, the better 'tis for the Common-wealth.

Morb. By this Rule you were best hang your self.

Just. I forgive your honest Mirth ever: Oh welcome, welcome

Mark.

Enter Mark and Officers, with Mercury and Maria.

Your Pen, Ink, and Paper, to take their Examinations.

Mer. Why do you pull me so? I'll go alone.

Just. Let them stand, let them stand quietly, whilst they are examin'd.

Mar. What will you examine us of?

Just. Of *Antonio's* Murther.

Mer. Why, he was my Friend.

Mar. He was my Husband.

Just. The more shame for you both; *Mark*, your Pen and Ink.

Morb.

Morb. Pray God all be well, I never knew any of these Travel-
lers come to good; I beseech you, Sir, be favourable to my Son.

Just. Gentlewoman, hold you content, I would it were come to
that?

Mer. For God's sake Mother, why kneel you to such a Pig-brib'd
fellow? he has surfeited of Geese, and they have put him into a fit
of Justice, let him do his worst.

Just. Is your Paper ready? *Mark.* I am ready, Sir.

Enter Antonio.

Just. Accuse them, Sir, I command thee to lay down Accusations
against these Persons, in behalf of the State, and first look upon the
Parties to be accus'd, and deliver your Name

Cur. My Name is *Curio*, my murdered Kinsman,
If he were living now, I should not know him,
'Tis so long since we saw one another.

Ant. My Cousin *Curio*?

Cur. But thus much from the Mouths of his Servants, and others,
whose Examinations I have in writing about me, I can accuse them
of; this *Mercury*, the last Night, but this last, lay in *Antonio's*
House, and in the Night he rose, raising *Antonio*, where privately
they were in talk an Hour, to what end I know not; but of likely-
hood, finding *Antonio's* House not a fit Place to murder him in, he
suffered him to go to Bed again, but in the Morning early he train'd
him I think forth, after which time he never saw his home; his
Cloaths were found near the Place where *Mercury* was, and the
People at first deny'd they saw him; but at last he made a frivolous
Tale, that there he shifted him into a Footman's Habit; but in short,
the next hour this Woman went to *Mercury*, and in her Coach they
posted hither; true Accusations I have no more, and I will make
none.

Just. No more? we need no more: Sirrah, be drawing their
Mittimus before we hear their Answer. What say you, Sir? are you
guilty of this Murther?

Mer. No, Sir.

Just. Whether you are or no, confess, it will be the better for
you.

Mer. If I were guilty, your Rhetorick could not fetch it forth;
but though I am Innocent, I confess, that if I were a Stander-by,
these Circumstances urg'd, which are true, would make me doubt-
less believe the accused Parties to be guilty.

Just. Write down, that he being a Stander-by, for so you see he
is, doth doubtless believe the accused Parties, which is himself, to
be guilty.

Mer. I say no such thing.

Just. Write it down I say, we'll try that.

Mer.

Mer. I care not what you write, pray God you did not kill him for my Love, though I am free from this, we both deserve ———

Mar. Govern your Tongue I pray you, all is well, my Husband lives, I know it, and I see him.

Just. They whisper, sever them quickly I say, Officers, why do you let them prompt one another? Gentlewoman, what say you to this, are not you guilty?

Mar. No, as I hope for Mercy.

Just. But are not those Circumstances true, that this Gentleman hath so shortly and methodically deliver'd?

Mar. They are, and what you do with me, I care not, Since he is dead, in whom was all my care: You knew him not.

Just. No, an't been better for you too, and you had never been known to him.

Mar. Why then you did not know the World's chief Joy, His face so manly as it had been made To fright the World, yet he so sweetly temper'd, That he would make himself a natural Fool, To do a noble kindness for a Friend. He was a Man whose Name I'll not out-live, Longer than Heav'n, whose Will must be obey'd, Will have me do.

Ant. And I will quit thy Kindness.

Just. Before me, she has made the Tears stand in mine Eyes, but I must be austere: Gentlewoman, you must confess this Murder.

Mar. I cannot, Sir, I did it not, but I desire to see those Examinations which this Gentleman acknowledges to have about him, for but late last Night I receiv'd Letters from the City, yet I heard of no Confession, then.

Just. You shall see them time enough I warrant you, but Letters you say you had, where are those Letters?

Mar. Sir, they are gone.

Just. Gone? whither are they gone? How have you dispos'd of 'em?

Mar. Why, Sir, they are for Women's matters, and so I use 'em.

Just. Who writ 'em?

Mar. A Man of mine.

Just. Who brought 'em?

Mar. A Post.

Just. A Post? there is some great haste sure, aha, where is that Post?

Mar. Sir, there he stands.

Just. Does he so? bring hither that Post, I am afraid that Post will prove a Knave; come hither Post, what? what can you say concerning the Murder of *Antonio*?

Ant. What's that to you?

Just. Oh Post, you have no Answer ready, have you?
I'll have one from you.

Ant. You shall have no more from me than you have, you examine an honest Gentleman and Gentlewoman here, 'tis pity such Fools as you should be i'th' Commission.

Just. Say you so Post? take away that Post, whip him and bring him again quickly, I'll hamper you Post.

Mer. 'Tis *Antonio*, I know him now as well; what an irregular Fool is this?

Ant. Whip me? hold off.

Mar. Oh good Sir, whip him, by his murmuring he should know something of my Husband's Death, that may quit me; for God's sake fetch't out.

Just. Whip him I say.

Ant. Who is't dares whip me now?

Mar. Oh my lov'd Husband.

Mer. My most worthy Friend? where have you been so long?

Ant. I cannot speak for Joy.

Just. Why, what's the matter now, and shall not Law then have her Course?

And. It shall have no other Course than it has, I think.

Just. It shall have other Course before I go, or I'll beat my Brains, and I say it was not honestly done of him to discover himself, before the Parties accus'd were executed, that Law might have had her Course, for then the Kingdom flourishes.

Ant. But such a Wife as thou, had never any Man, and such a Friend as he, believe me Wife, shall never be; good Wife, love my Friend, Friend love my Wife, bark Friend.

Just. *Mark*, if we can have nothing to do, you shall swear the Peace of somebody.

Mark. Yes, Sir,

Ant. By my Troth I am sorry my Wife is so obstinate, sooth, if I could yet do thee any good, I wou'd, faith I wou'd.

Mer. I thank you Sir, I have lost that Passion.

Ant. Cousin *Curio*, you and I must be better acquainted.

Cur. It is my Wish, Sir.

Ant. I should not have known you neither, 'tis so long since we saw, we were but Children then, but you have shew'd your self an honest Man to me.

Cur. I would be ever so.

Enter Ricardo and Viola.

Moth. Look you, who's there?

And. Say nothing to me, for thy Peace is made.

Ric. Sir, I can nothing say,

But that you are her Father, you can both

Not only pardon, when you have a Wrong,
But love where you have most Injury.

Just. I think I shall hear of no hanging this Year; there's a Tinker and a Whore yet, the Cryer said, that robb'd her, and are in Prison, I hope they shall be hang'd.

Ant. No, truly Sir, they have broke Prison.

Just. 'Tis no matter, then the Jaylor shall be hang'd.

Ant. You are deceiv'd in that too, Sir, 'twas known to be against his Will, and he hath got his Pardon, I think for nothing, but if it doth cost him any thing, I'll pay it.

Just. Mark, up with your Papers, away.

Mer. Oh you shall stay Dinner, I have a Couple of brawling Neighbours, that I'll assure you will not agree, and you shall have the hearing of their Matter.

Just. With all my Heart,

Mer. Go, Gentlemen, go in.

Ric. Oh *Viola*, that no succeeding Age
Might lose the Memory of what thou wert;
But such an overswayed Sex is yours,
That all the virtuous Actions you can do,
Are but as Men will call them; and I swear,
'Tis my Belief, that Women want but ways
To praise their Deeds, but Men want Deeds to praise.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

EPILOGUE.

TIS ended, but my Hopes and Fears begin,
Nor can it be imputed as a Sin
In me to wish it Favour; if this Night
To the Judicious it hath given Delight,
I have my Ends; and may such, for their Grace
Vouchsaf'd to this, find theirs in every Place.



F I N I S.

